THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES

MARY H. ALLIES

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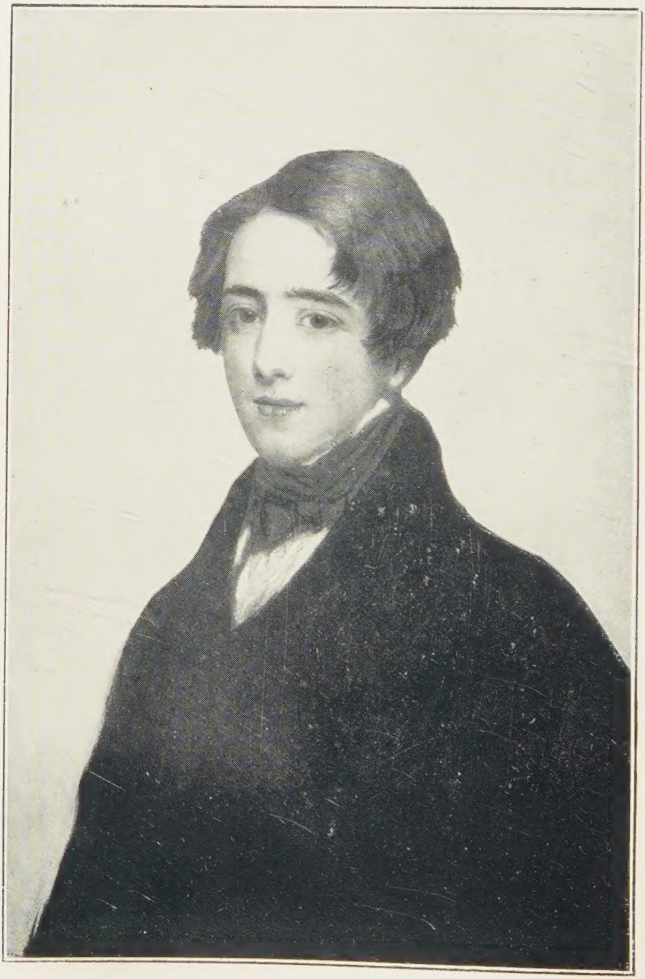
THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES



THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES AT THE AGE OF 17

Painted by Mrs. Carpenter

Thomas William Allies

Secundo

1813-1903

By Mary Allies

Author of "History of the Church in England," "Pius VII.," "Leaves from St. Augustine," "Leaves from St. John Chrysostom," etc.

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THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES

CHAPTER I

1813

Aquila Rapax

I ENTER on the history of a mind with some trepidation, for I can offer here only the intellectual matches and scorings of one who was essentially a mental athlete. Yet to him who reads, no book is more enthralling than the book of man as he reveals himself in his inner trinity of memory, will, and understanding. From a very early age my father was fired with the Homeric* ambition of excelling and surpassing others in the race of mind.

Thomas William Allies was born at Midsomer Norton, Somersetshire, on February 12, 1813. His father, the Rev. Thomas Allies, was subsequently rector of Wormington, near Broadway. At that time he was curate at Henbury. My grandfather was a good man of a type which is fast disappearing, a mild and pious minister of religion rather than a churchman. These are they who keep their beliefs without dogma, and are contented to spring from some kind of religious persuasion. My father's mother was Frances Elizabeth Fripp, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. She survived his birth only one week, dying on February 19, 1813. A Moravian of great piety, she faced death at twenty-one with perfect resignation.

* Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπειροχον ἐμμεναι ἄλλων, was the Homer text of his early years.

The young mother, so early called away, was soon and well replaced with her little boy. My grandfather shortly afterwards married Caroline Hillhouse, who really was the ideal stepmother, as kind to "Tom" and as proud of him as if he had been her son indeed. She also had three children of her own, a little son, who died in infancy, and two daughters, Mary Anne and Caroline. They never displaced Tom in their mother's affection.

The second Mrs. Allies was a stout heretic of the Evangelical School. To her the having "views" meant bliss. The very ideal of a Church was repugnant to her; *her* ideal was freedom to teach and to hold the wildest opinions. A so-called "free Church" ceases to be a Church, but she thought it perfection, and on one occasion gave £10 towards one because, as she naïvely expressed it, "I supposed everyone was free to preach what he liked." My gentle grandfather might never have reared a fighting cock.* It was she who largely contributed to make him, supplying the element of antagonism without which no fighting cock could be at all. With her it was a proof of affection to disagree.

The Fripps and Hillhouses were Bristol people, and the home of the Allies family was for some time at Clifton. Tom received a good grounding in scholarship at the Bristol Grammar School, leaving it by his own desire in 1826 for the larger arena of Eton; not, however, before earning distinction. Among his papers is recorded "A Prize Essay, given by Sir John Cox Hippisley, Baronet, to Thomas William Allies, aged twelve years, and by him delivered before the Mayor and Corporation of Bristol, September 28, 1825." It was in April, 1827, that he entered England's famous school, and took up his

* "I believe one great admirer of the Bishop(Blomfield), Mr. W. Cotton, called me for this a little bantam cock."—*A Life's Decision*, p. 8.

residence at the house of the Rev. Edward Coleridge, who always remained his devoted friend. He met with a characteristic reception from a boy who did not know that the family of Allies was originally seated at Northfield in Worcestershire, where in deeds of 1368 it is mentioned. Thinking he detected an un-English ring in the name, he dashed cold water on the new boy's face, exclaiming, "Are you a d——d foreigner?"

Tom was a boy of fifteen at Eton when his little brother died. He wrote some verses, dated October, 1828, which show the existence of a poetic vein. I may quote these lines:

> But thou, dear infant, best of all,
> So soon from misery torn,
> Who didst not climb on high to fall,
> Who didst not joy to mourn,
> Who didst not taste remorse's fruit,
> The madd'ning plant of bitter root,
> Nor sorrow's garb hast worn,
> When downcast eye and sable vest
> Are symbols of a widow'd breast.
> Then sleep, unconscious infant, sleep
> In that most peaceful rest.
> Who would not wish his couch as deep
> As thine his visions blest!
> For misery's light-wing'd slumbers fly,
> The pallid cheek, the sunken eye,
> Nor calm the tortur'd breast.
> Who would not be where thou art laid,
> In sleep beneath that hallow'd shade!*

Mary Anne was her mother's lifelong companion. Caroline was much loved by my father. A great invalid, she could do no more than suffer in innocence and purity of heart.

At fourteen my father had a love of books to the total exclusion of games. He never played cricket or football, but he was fond of riding. At sixteen he was the first to win the Newcastle Scholar-

* Netley.

ship: his scorings were in Greek and Latin verse,* and in classical knowledge. He matriculated in 1828, but did not, of course, reside in the University till he left Eton in 1829 for Wadham College.

Diaries usually lose their interest, but it seems to me the pages of this boy are still speaking. On October 4, 1830, he writes: "I never remember being so much struck with any poem or composition as with Byron's *Siege of Corinth*, the first reading. It was three years and a half since, about April, 1827, just before I went to Eton, that a copy of it fell into my hands. I read it in utter amazement, though it is by no means his best work; but the tone seemed so totally distinct from anything else in our language that I could scarcely satiate myself in admiration. Byron burst upon me like a meridian sun, which knew no rising, and shall feel no decay. When I cease to hang in rapture on his works, I must be cold as he is. If prayers could benefit the dead, and prayers such as mine, they should be offered unceasingly. Will the lapse of years lessen or change the feeling? I trust not."

After Byron comes Sophocles. "Finished *Electra* 1372–1510. I scarcely know whether this tragedy be not the finest we have remaining, perfect in plot; the characters admirably drawn, and the subject interesting even under these changes of time and place. Clytemnestra's prayer is admirable, succeeded by apparent success in Orestes' death; and his fiction in this respect being so very natural, forms a most excellent περιπέτεια. Here is the excellence of Sophocles; at the great point when Æschylus is a novice and Euripides tolerably clumsy, the Attic bee is perfect."

There is an interesting entry on October 16, 1831: "*Sunday*.—Chapel. Heard Shuttleworth (I believe for the first time), on 'The children of this

* See Appendix for Latin verses

world,' etc.; most beautiful and intellectual sermon; elegant in words and expression; logical in division and argument. To redeem lost time by never missing one of his sermons again. He preaches to the mind, as I would be preached to, for passion is of the earth, earthy. Heard another most powerful sermon from Tyler, on the Devil's being sent into the herd of swine. Full of *prosopopœia* and almost terrific energy all this. The existence of hell and the hopeless state of the damned proved very powerfully, too powerfully. The belief in demons expressed. His manner most commanding. His sermons also I shall henceforth attend."

Again, on October 10, 1832, his diary speaks his mind: "I am about to return to Oxford, and must toil for six months more at a course of studies I detest. Heaven give me patience! But it is time to begin a wiser course; to allow my spirit some alleviations and diversities; so did the Athenians, and who so wise? But much of my time is lost under deplorable low spirits, which recur so frequently and fatally, that I begin to think them constitutional. They fasten on me in the morning, and then suck out every vest of vigour, mental and bodily, that should circulate and animate me during the day. But my hopes and wishes have not, cannot, change; in the very core of my heart is enthroned the goddess of my idolatry, not to be torn from thence without taking the life of the victim. To be a poet: I scarce dare name it to myself; the avowal would be so ridiculous: what facilities have I for such a consummation? I know not, except it be a universal dissatisfaction in outward things, a constant longing for some holier, purer, fairer here below, a burning thirst which torments me night and day. Oh, ye ancients; your lights are faint and dim to my soul's understanding. Ye are cold and icy; ye would rive from me my most cherished

images; my shadows of beauty; shadows of power; more beautiful, more powerful that they are shadows; immaterial as the essences you prate about, and from a higher world. Philosophers, I hate you! With Byron, with Milton, with Shakespeare, with the blind old man of Chione, my soul would be or be not at all. Amen."

Allies took his degree in 1832 with brilliant honours in classics, not going in for mathematics. During this period of four years he was contemporary with Gladstone, whom he had known also at Eton, with Manning, Lord Elgin, then Mr. Bruce, afterwards Governor-General of India, and with Lord Selborne. Hearing Gladstone speak at the Union in 1831, my father inwardly marked him as a future Prime Minister of England, and he was equally sure that Mr. Roundell Palmer would become Lord Chancellor.

At Oxford he grew intimate with the Rev. Thomas Harding Newman, of Magdalen, his future brother-in-law. Thomas Harding was a Newman by accident, for his father, Mr. Newman of Nelmes,* took the name of Newman instead of Harding. There was thus no relationship between Thomas H. Newman and John Henry Newman, only the difference of the letter *T*, for both were doctors of divinity after the approved Anglican fashion. This letter *T* once brought Dr. Thomas Harding Newman a petition from two ladies. They asked for his autograph and a subscription, under the supposition that he was John Henry Newman. Dr. Thomas answered the request in his own way. He wrote in reply:

T. H. Newman is my name,
And very grieved I am,
That like an autumn lambkin
I have not got a dam.

After my father had won a fellowship at Wadham College in 1833, he went abroad with T. H. Newman

* Near Romford, Essex.

to France and Italy, only returning at the end of 1836. Byron and Italy shared his heart during these *wanderjahre*. He was as familiar with Italian as with English, and his Byron was a household word. He drank in beauty with the zest of a Byron, and made one pilgrimage to Hucknall Torkard—there to find a cold grave. The year is not recorded, but the poetic vein, early awakened, went with him through life. Mr. Henry Herbert, the friend who contested with him the Newcastle Scholarship, was cut off by a premature death. My father wrote these touching lines:

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND DROWNED IN SWITZERLAND.

Perish'd so soon, in all thy pride of youth,
With breast so full of love to God and man,
And yearning after all immortal truth ?
Is this the limit of thine earthly span ?
For *this* didst thou so labour, with high toil
Wooing the wisdom of departed years,
With ardour disappointment could not foil,
To sleep so early amid Friendship's tears ?
With thee I stood in many a battle keen,
Ay, step by step press'd forward at thy side
Vanquish'd or victor, but have never seen
In thee one feeling manhood fain would hide.
And is it over ? four and twenty springs
All that were given thee here to plume thy wings
For higher being ?—Yet I mourn thee not:
In thee thy youthful love was unforgot;
In man's most dang'rous and bewitching hour
Thou didst unshaken stand, with stedfast power.
I would rejoice that thou art called hence
In youth, in Hope, in Faith, in Innocence.
And deem it tend'rest mercy that no storm
Swept o'er thy heart, to crush it, or deform.
Oh ! joy that thou hast left the worst behind;
The blight of heart, the fever of the mind.
For bless'd are they who early find that goal,
And need no suff'ring to make pure the soul.

These lines were written at twenty-four, his own and his friend's age at the time.

The Byron phase held sway for many years, perhaps until he came across the master mind of John Henry Newman. The following pages were written on his twenty-first birthday:

"*Feb.* 12, 1834.—Shall I weep or laugh? I am twenty-one to-day. The magic period at which in an instant we spring from a tutelage to manhood: the point at which the wishes of the day pause, 'the posting-house, where the carriage of the Fates changes horses.' I have mounted the hill; henceforth in one unvarying descent to the same dark spot, but whether by many a gradual wind, over many a green swell of earth, with a gentle voice ever whispering in the trees, or lonely, and with a sudden dash down the precipice, who can tell, or who can choose? Yet why *dark* spot? One of the deceits man seems determined to impose for ever on himself is, to consider death an evil, something to be fled from and never welcomed. It is a deceit in which I will not participate. Not in a presumptuous spirit, but with the deepest hopes and faith, I bless ten times more the day of my death than that of my birth. Strong, indeed, too strong by far, must the ties of earthly love be, if ever I should cease inwardly to wish for that moment. So far do my wishes outstrip my power of enjoyment, so far does this capacity exceed the means of supplying it, that I feel with the whole truth of my being that earth cannot be intended to be a permanent home. Since my feelings received a real shock on that horrible 18th of June,* I have studied to be happy, and generally with success, because my faith in things to come has more than supplied the vanity of the things that are. But who can fly the void of his own soul? Who would fly it, for it proves our immortality? I repose on the image of Death, not with that fashionable melancholy which sees no use

* Allusion to an early trial.

in life: if the end of life were written by the finger of God upon the sky, it could not be more distinctly palpable to me than it is now; as a stern discipline of purification; life itself is the real purgatory which proud and prying ignorance has placed after death: is not this the joint language of Scripture, of our hearts, of our experience? I acknowledge myself guilty; the justice of the law I see not, but I believe. —Oh, death, the strong one, all else deceives us, but thou wilt not!—On many points of my character, moral and intellectual, though chiefly the latter, I may be in doubt, but the undeviating testimony of ten years, since I was eleven, proves to me that the foundation is the desire of excellence. Early study and very deep enthusiasm have fixed this desire on one particular point of intellect—Poesy.

"I have no reason to believe that I have any powers for creating correspondent to my desire. The negative, indeed, haunts some like a constant shadow; but certain it is that all my childhood and youth have gasped after this; the success of others and my own failure on this point have ever given me more pain than anything else. I should never have embraced the study of Greek and Latin with such ardour had I not with a pardonable infatuation arising from the perversion of education in England, believed that the springs of inspiration rose in the mountains of Hellas. One book undeceived me; I remember its effect on me, when just seventeen, in April, 1830—Moore's Byron disenchanted me: after that I loathed Oxford and its studies more and more; melancholy, lowness of spirits, dissatisfaction, all springing from the notion that I was forced to exertions which would work the very opposite effect on me to that for which I panted, made me so continually wretched that I am satisfied I could not have endured that life much longer. It is still a sore subject with me.

This same passion lies at the bottom of my resolution to travel far and wide; it is not so much the pleasure I anticipate from seeing so much of the many-peopled globe, as the effect I hope it may have on my mind. I believe I should never have had resolution to become a traveller, but for the strong reaction and desire of independence of heart produced on me by S. C.'s perfidy and concealment. Now for the coming four years I look forward to a life of action: I have not yet attained the power of interpreting man and nature for myself without the medium of books; continued study vitiates the mirror of our vision; four years would be well spent in purifying it. I can draw the sketch, but doubt my power to fill it. Some wise man has said that everyone has a secret belief of something extraordinary in his destiny; I, at least, acknowledge the innocent vanity. I was long before I discovered its existence; and though I am often in the state Sydenham describes of poor Auriol, when, introduced into the most talented society, he begins to suspect in himself a want of that adored genius which had been the dream of his life; yet, were this lurking hope taken away, I am sure I should sink into utter listlessness. It has often been a wonder to me how many people live—that is, without the daily bread of emulation and ambition. Their principle of vitality seems so dull and toad-like, that it can survive through years enclosed in the lifeless rock. What a power of inflicting agony by mere privation does life possess over me; it is this presentiment, perhaps, which makes me love the thought of death. Well, after all, the deep desire of excellence is and has ever been mine; the gift itself is in other hands. It seems to me all the professions are leagued in array against the cultivation of the mind. The law eats up the time, and, worse still, corrodes the heart; the scalpel cuts off very sum-

marily the finer perceptions of our nature; the lowly though invaluable labours of the Church do not permit the neophyte to indulge even a wish for his own intellectual promotion, and, besides, cut off the means of attaining it from the solitary life they impose. Suppose I can evade all these till my thirtieth year; well, well, what then? Ah, who would propose beyond nine years? I may not know myself by that time. I despair *almost* (and yet I should be wrong if I said *entirely*) of inspiring such an affection, as I know I could feel, full, unwearied, eternal, and which alone I would accept. Byron almost made me both misanthrope and mysatheist; but the tide has now turned entirely the other way. I believe fully in my God; and though man is a sad piece of business, his nakedness and filth staring everywhere through his rags; and woman—I am not quite decided what she is, but should look twice now before I trusted her, yet I do not hate either of them. . . . Singular that my twenty-first birthday should have fallen on Ash Wednesday, the day of humiliation—a lesson to me. Wrote the past six pages, 4-6. Wrote home; it is near twelve; and this, the day so long yet unconsciously looked forward to, is almost gone. Ah! shall I not look back on it with regret in years to come? What is reserved for me—for *me;* egoism, all; for my friends, my love, my country. Ah! whatever comes, here, on the threshold of manhood, I beseech of him who giveth upbraiding not, that his light in my heart become not dim, and his love be unforgot!

"That I may hallow whatever and however little the gifts he has given by the end I seek for: oh, not my own glory, but I must have power to cast away self."

CHAPTER II

1838

THE Rector of Wormington, Broadway, died prematurely in 1838. He was a good country clergyman of the old Jehovah type. It is possible that his death led my father, then twenty-five years old, to more serious thoughts. He took Anglican Orders at the end of 1838. In those days, before the Oxford Movement, the qualifications for the Anglican ministry were much restricted. The candidate subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, and had to pass the Bishop's examining chaplain: there was no question of priesthood, Mass, or Sacraments. He received a brevet of respectability, and the Establishment enabled him to live, if he could find a living.

My father felt no call for the solitary life. "Adoring beauty," he was conquered by a beautiful face, endowing it with corresponding charms of character. He first saw Eliza Hall Newman, the half-sister of his friend, Dr. T. H. Newman, in 1837, at Cheltenham, when she was only fifteen, and from that moment made up his mind to win her for his own.

At this time, 1838–1839, after his ordination, he saw much intellectual society. He was intimate with Mr. Baron Alderson, Judge Coleridge, Judge Erskine, Bishop Blomfield, and their respective families. He measured himself with others, and always found something wanting. "It is not good for man to be alone," and that he can well be in

the midst of the most brilliant society, which has nothing to say to his individual heart.

The first entry in his diary for 1839 describes a juvenile party at the Chancellor's, where a crowd of young people made him feel that "yearning after a home day by day," which he constantly notes. The sight of T. H. Newman, Eliza's eldest brother, was always stimulating. "He" (T. H. Newman) "says"—I quote from the diary—"his sisters never read. All their tastes are gardening and working. Yet there is no want of intellect, I think [in the Newman sisters]. However, it is not mind I seek for in a woman."

May 5, 1839.—Excellent sermon from Dodsworth. Assisted at Communion. Read prayers in evening. Walked home with him (Dodsworth).

May 10.—Evening at Alderson's. Bishop of London (Blomfield), Durham, and Norwich. Mrs. Blomfield an exceedingly pretty woman. Talked to me for some time. She was very free spoken about the Bishop's rise, and the necessity of his family exerting themselves. A pretty daughter, who rather took my fancy, till I heard she was five or six and twenty.

May 12.—Dodsworth in morning. An excellent sermon on humiliation of Christ. Oppressed during latter part of the service by the thought of W.'s treachery.* Half determined to write and reproach him. At last, however, threw it off, became much interested in the sermon, and assisted at the Communion with great comfort, and the resolution to bear in silence. God grant I may do so, and deliver me from this most oppressive feeling.

May 13.—Dined with Alderson. No party, as I like best. The evening at Richards. When I entered the room, a bevy of ladies, and very plain almost all.

* Allusion to a painful incident in connection with an early attachment.

May 15.—A large dinner at Coleridge's. Bishop of Winchester and lady, Wordsworth and wife, Lonsdale and wife; Ackland, Talfourd. Bunsen sat between Mrs. Sumner and Lonsdale. The former is no longer pretty, she is fat and very coarse. Bunsen the only man who talked, and he talked much and well, and ate, too. I thought him an excellent German. Mrs. Lonsdale a pleasing face. I wish I knew them.

May 16.—To-day Pepys alone with me. I thought I might as well have had a week's holiday, but the C. does not think about me. Newman (T. H.) came in the afternoon. Walked about with him, and he tea'd here. I am always glad to see him. E. H. N. rather unwell. Does not wish to go to Hollybush,* because she has planted seeds and wishes to see them come up—"*Circa virentes est animus meæ campos juvencæ.*"

May 18.—Pepys in the morning. Judge Coleridge, in answer to my request for advice, said I had better go on quietly with him. . . . The *one longing* accompanies me everywhere, most of all in crowded assemblies.

May 19.—Heard two good sermons from Dodsworth, morning and evening. Morning, on the unity of the early disciples, a condition of the promise of the Holy Spirit, how far forfeited by our present divisions. Assisted at Sacrament. Evening, "Quench not the Spirit," also very good.

May 22.—Pepys returned. I thought he might as well have staid a day or two longer away. Newman came in evening, slept here, and breakfasted, and went on to Nelmes. When shall I go there again! Its fair occupant is well remembered, but I feel—

Circa virentes est animus meæ
Campos juvencæ.

* Seat of her mother's family, the Halls of Hollybush.

May 24.—Went to Bishop of London to talk about duty. Dined at Alderson's. Bishop of Winchester and lady, Benson and lady (a pretty woman, seemingly twenty years younger than he), Bishop of Bangor (a plain old man), and Mr. Bethell (much plainer) and lady, with others. Bishop Sumner spoke a few words to me, chiefly about Coleridge. I thought him most courtly and polite.

May 26.—Two excellent sermons from Dodsworth on the Trinity. Assisted at the Sacrament. Severely tempted during this past week, especially on Tuesday. I feel one abiding want—the want of human sympathy.

May 27.—Dined with Dodsworth, a bachelors' party, which I hate, though some intelligent men—Ogilvie, Tickell (who does not shine in company), Forster, a new curate, who talked a good deal and well, and I mean to call on him.

May 31.—Went down to Eton—a beautiful evening. Found C. [Coleridge] had been unwell for three days, though better. I thought him in low spirits, and I feel so myself, which is not often the case when I go to Eton. The prevailing cause of my low spirits is certainly the conduct of C. R. S. and Willis—I never can get it off my mind.

June 2.—Good sermon from Dodsworth. "Perfect love casteth out fear." St John states Christian truth in a more absolute and immodified form than any other. Each man's fear or confidence should be in proportion to his progress. Assisted, as usual, at Sacrament.

Evening.—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Innocence better than repentance absolutely, but in individuals this is often modified, that is comparing them with *others*. To-day I have completed a year since I began a more constant attendance at the Communion Table. I find I have omitted it twelve times in the year—some-

times unavoidably—but I regret having done so; and by God's grace will attend every Sunday, as I have done since the beginning of the year. I am quite convinced of the great advantage in so doing. Omitted in past year:

July 29.—Malvern.
Aug. 26.—Read Prayers.
Sept. 16.—Eton.
,, 23.—Nelmes.
,, 30.—St Martin's.
Oct. 21.—Nelmes.
,, 28.—Langham Church.
Nov. 11.—St Martin's. Read.
,, 17.—Benson, } Temple.
,, 25.—Smith, }

June 7.—To-day I complete a year's residence in London. I trust that I am thankful for having been preserved, sometimes as it were in spite of myself, amid many temptations. I have learnt a part of my own weakness and my constant need of God's Spirit. This year has been full of blessings to me. I should not repine at a trial which accompanies them—solitude and a feeling of desertion. No doubt in time I shall be relieved from this, when it is good for me.

June 8.—The past has been a dull week. I feel very much the solitude of my situation; except when I dine out, I have not a soul to speak to. Yet all my longing is for domestic society.

June 15.—The past has been rather a quiet week as to internal conflicts. I much feel my solitude, and there seems at present no way out of it. I should welcome a male friend as a great gift, but a female as the greatest of Heaven's blessings. In the meantime my duty is to be content.

June 16.—A very powerful sermon from Dr. Hook: " In the latter days perilous times will come."

The great battle to be waged between Antichrist and the saints. All things tending to it. The tongue of a ready speaker throughout. Very severe remarks on the "religious world," both the phrase and the thing. This sermon affected me much. The Sacrament, but did not assist.

Evening.—Dodsworth: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God;" very judicious. Ever since I have been a reasoning creature how presumptuous, shortsighted, proud, and obstinate I have been, ever striving with my Maker. I feel that entire submission to his will is one of the most difficult graces. . . . How often do I secretly repine at my own trials, my disappointment, my present solitude and feeling of betrayal: my yearning after affection ever yet frustrated. A lovely evening of long calm decline, as beautiful as any in Italy.

June 21, *Midsummer Day.*—Very warm. Walked a good deal in Park Gardens. I have been looking over the last eight anniversaries of this day, and see with shame and confusion of face the state of mind and conduct they intimate. What a rebellious and presumptuous and falsely-judging heart. No wonder that I have been made to suffer severely, but great wonder that I have at all come to my senses. Blessed be God who has mercifully brought me so far. May he open my eyes more and more; increase my repentance daily; supply my manifold wants; restore me with his free Spirit, and give me to view things in their right relations. Truly I have had a heart of adamant which could not feel till it was blasted.

Newman returned to Nelmes. No present prospect of seeing her. I can only pray for her and myself.

June 23.—"The whole creation groaneth": a sound sermon. At Sacrament, but did not assist, as Manning, I believe, was there.

June 25.—Newman called in afternoon and asked me to come to Nelmes next Saturday. I had so little hoped for this that I was quite in a confusion of delight and anticipation the whole day.

Met Baron Alderson coming out of the gardens and tea'd with him. This is just what I enjoy. Proposed to collect if possible from 60 to 100 persons, and build a church in Bethnal Green between us, each subscribing £100. He agreed to be one.

June 29.—Went to Nelmes by the railway. When there rather dismayed to hear Eliza N. is in weak health and is going to the coast. I thought her grown and improved in shape. The same beautiful countenance, but thin and not in good colour. Julia* is much grown. I did not see more sign of the woman. I scrupulously avoided seeming to seek to be with her, and thought her manner quite as frank as it ever was—no retiring at least, which so pained me before. Mr. N. very civil, and hinted about my vacation. Still by no means satisfied as to how they regard me. I was very painfully struck at the want of religious feeling in the family, and felt the loss of the Sacrament on the Sunday. Heard Stacy twice. Very fair sermons. It is my daily prayer that they, and she especially, may be brought to a sounder state. The brother stayed at home Sunday morning, reading "Oliver Twist." The Blacks called. I thought the girl good-looking. Fido seemed to recognise me.

July 1.—Returned from Nelmes. . . . I had a fit of melancholy and crying through fear for E. H. N.'s health. For some time I found no consolation even in prayer. I sadly lack faith and trust in God as a Father. Long evil thoughts of him.

July 3.—Dined at Mr. Erskine's. A clever Miss Morris. She said: "The last person I should wish

* Julia Newman, younger sister of Eliza Hall Newman.

to be judged by, a young man of eighteen who had done no wrong." This made me think how very uncharitable my judgment would have been at that age.

July 8.—Felt solitariness severely this evening. As soon as my pupils go, this feeling sets in.

July 9.—Again I cannot keep off the depression of solitude. It is no doubt my part of the cross at present. I could put my hand on the sore, and, I think, apply the remedy. Walked in the gardens—better at least than the streets.

July 15.—Newman came in afternoon. Delighted and thankful to find E. H. N.'s weakness not imputable to consumptive tendency. It is quite a burden off my mind. He is gone to Clacton. Felt his society a great relief. His father asked when my vacation would begin. He intimated I should come. This is a delight in prospect.

July 18.—Wrote home and sent a new little padlock to E. H. N. It is my constant prayer she may be restored to health bodily and spiritual. Drooping under the sense of solitude. Unable to apply closely even to the most interesting subjects, a state of mind distressing, and to which I can discover no remedy.

July 21. — Dodsworth. Continuation of last Sunday. Blessing of implicit Faith. Very sound. Assisted at Communion. Since last Sunday read Knox's remarks on the Eucharist. Much struck with the quotation from Jackson that Christ is present in the Eucharist as on the mercy-seat of old. The idea floated through my head, but had never definitely presented itself.

Evening.—Forster. Miracle of Bread: good, but the tone sometimes severe and harsh. Found this a little injured the effect on my mind. Walked in gardens. Beautiful evening. Thought over past life. How unthankful and untrustful to God I

have ever been. Jacob's dream. Joseph's life. This is a disposition going back as far as I can remember. I trust it is decreasing. No sermon written. A sad coward.

July 23.—Had my head felt by Burnay. There must be something in this sort of thing. He described me well, I think. Passive rather than active. Irritable temperament, abstracted; deficiency of form, but generally well balanced. Drank tea with Lady Alderson. Thus wrote no sermon. Talked about phrenology.

July 25.—A day much to be remembered by me. It was not forgotten. Two years ago I returned to Goodrest. One year ago my dear father died. Walked in garden, thought of him, and that on this day he had entered the company of departed spirits. "I shall go to him, but he shall not come to me." God grant that our meeting may be a joyful one. It is a pain to me to leave out my father from my daily prayers. Yet how should I mention him? Very much depressed in the evening. Mind ruffled and uneasy. Could not write. Feeling of solitude. Want of faith.

July 28.—Dodsworth. "Yet though he had done so many miracles, believed they not on him." Our Saviour's miracles not chiefly to prove his religion, but show his *character*, as Lord of Nature. Secondly, opposed to the idolatry of the present times, which reduces the world to a mere piece of mechanism. Good. Assisted at Sacrament.

Evening.—Dodsworth. Epistle to Philemon. Conversion of Onesimus. Power of divine grace. Providence in conducting him to Rome. I thought of the Providence which conducted me to Goodrest. For the last week succeeded in writing my first sermon (to preach for Mr. Chapman at Denton), after great reluctance and timidity. Began it yesterday week, finished yesterday. To-day think-

ing of another Abraham's faith. Oh, that I had more faith myself.

Sunday, Aug. 4.—Dodsworth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Spiritual understanding quite distinct from intellect—a very excellent sermon, attested throughout by my experience. Not only true in the life to come, but in the present life: a single sin overclouds the whole mind. Assisted at Sacrament.

Aug. 10.—Pepys left. In hopes and fears all the week about being invited to Nelmes. At last the invitation came this morning. Left in a great hurry. Found them all out riding. A talk with Miss Pickering.* They are anxious about Newman. E. H. N. looking better.

Sunday, Aug. 11.—Hornchurch in morning. Walked in afternoon with N. to Romford, but the church much later than we expected. When I came back we had some talk in the study. There was an old pair of scissors which E. said would not cut. I asked her to let me try if they would cut her hair, and I took off a piece. She turned crimson, and tried playfully to get it back, but I thought her not unwilling to let me have it.

Aug. 12.—Melancholy. Walked with E., sister, and Miss P. in the shaw. But they dined at the Buttons' (much against her will I have *since* found). I was very depressed and fancied all sorts of absurdities, from which I was only relieved by seeing her return in the evening.

Aug. 13.—Went into town with N. Got her some flowers, which she received with such a profusion of thanks and so much courteousness as made me quite happy. I returned to Nelmes on a visit of very indefinite length to be directed by circumstances.

Aug. 14.—Rode with E., sister, Mr. N., and Mr. Button to Lord Petre's. By her almost the

* Governess in Mr. Newman's family.

whole time, and talked constantly. I thought she rather avoided B. Found her exceedingly improved, more womanish. Talked connectedly. Played backgammon in the evening, and was beaten.

Aug. 15.—At breakfast she was constantly praising the collar and padlock, but something occurred unpleasant with Her and Miss Pickering. She did not come to lunch, and I felt quite uncomfortable. Rode with N. and her sister to the Coxes'. Walked a little with Her when I came back. Gathered mushrooms. They had evidently been crying much, and were discomposed. Glad to find she dislikes the Buttons. She wore my flower at dinner, or one exactly like it. Altogether I have a feeling of satisfaction at the whole time I have spent here. With a person more of the world I should entertain strong hopes, but I cannot discern how far she sees the drift of my visit.

Aug. 16.—Rode with her and N. to Bedford's: lovely day; she seemed in very favourable humour, but before dinner she ran away not to find me alone. Just before tea she ran upstairs, and did not return. It was put on fatigue, but whether it were that or a check from Miss P. I cannot tell. Delighted to find she dislikes the Buttons. Hid from them when we came home. Talked with Miss P. She says she has observed a difference in the last three days in my favour.

Aug. 17.—Added a bit to my first sermon, and suddenly resolved to preach it to-morrow. Called on Stacy. Walked with Her and Miss P. for mushrooms. She kept away a good part. This conduct always puzzles me. Wore two horrid flowers she gave me.

Sunday, Aug. 18.—I feel less nervousness than I expected. She went to church: I was greatly afraid she might not. Got through very well. No alarm

when once in the pulpit. Miss P. and N. both well pleased. She has not said a word. Mr. R. Newman dined. They talked about Holly Bush the evening long. He is a horrid person. After many changes of plan, Mr. N. set out this morning for Bagshot and Cheltenham. Not a word has passed between us.

Sunday, Aug. 25.—Preached at Hornchurch second time. Got through well. Felt perhaps rather more nervous in the pulpit, but not before. Her cold very bad, and a little discomfort somewhere this day, which I find to have sprung from that sad lout her brother, John. Richard Newman, etc., came in the evening, which passed as little like Sunday, alas, as possible. (I find both they and she were much pleased with the sermon.)

Aug. 27.—Rode with Julia [Newman] to Childerditch; a most beautiful parish, but very retired. If it had a house, I should like it very well. E. H. N. far from well. Newman came home yesterday. Did not see much of her to-day.

Aug. 28.—Drove E. and Miss P. to Stubbards, she by my side. We walked about the garden; she was kind and at ease, I thought; was pleased to drive, and nearly turned us into a ditch. I have scarcely seen her alone, and then was careful to be quiet. Nothing but time is now required. We have heard nothing of Mr. N., which is rather surprising. . . .

Miss Pickering was a governess of the old school, and to a great extent she replaced Eliza's mother, who died prematurely in 1832. Mr. Newman, the squire, did not take family affairs to heart, nor did he know as much about his daughters as Miss Pickering. Eliza was seventeen at this time, and not at all anxious to be courted. Allies became acquainted with Mr. Stacy, rector of Hornchurch, and preached more than once at the parish church, always bearing Eliza in mind. Again:

Aug. 29.—A very happy day; I have not seen her

before so settled and at ease. Mr. Hancock came to lunch. Drove her, Eliza, and Miss P. to Romford, and the last two on by Rochetts; she by my side as yesterday. She drove, and seemed quite comfortable. Played backgammon with her, in which she seemed interested, and I delighted to show her the moves and be beaten. God grant me many such days as this. I know not how to be sufficiently grateful to Him. Had much talk with Miss P. at night about Mr. N.'s inconstancy of purpose. Newman is in very low spirits. Finished a third sermon in five days.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Preached my third sermon: the Unprofitable Servant: a portrait of poor Newman: got through very well, only, unhappily, she was not at church, the weather being stormy, and her cold bad. . . . Communion, at which I assisted; under forty persons in a parish of 2,000! This would vex me beyond measure. Read prayers in afternoon.

Sept. 2.—I have had the strongest possible assurance from her lips that a man can well have. "What I have once said, I never will alter," alluding to her promise to marry me if she married anybody. . . . There is a firmness about her manner which makes me feel confident about her resolution. "Why do you ask me so often the same thing?" Perhaps there is more of esteem and regard than love at present, but this makes me feel the more assured of her. I feel that after this morning's interview I can have no stronger assurances from her. Walked after mushrooms: what a contrast to my discomfort when we used so to walk after dinner. Got Mr. Newman's consent to our meeting and corresponding: he was disposed to be restive at first, but at last came round, only stipulating the marriage should be put off for two years, and that the minimum income should be £600 a year.

But he came in before tea and said something to her before them all, which spoilt the comfort of the evening. We saw her no more, but I had the satisfaction of hearing all was right before we went to bed.

Sept. 3.—I have just set her entirely free from all promise. She said, "I do not wish to be set free. I consider myself engaged to you." I replied, "But you are free." She answered instantly, "So am I engaged to you." . . . She frightens me now and then by saying that she will never marry, but there is no doubt of the preference. I feel that I have done all that can be done, and can only further pray for God's blessing.

Sept. 4.—Every day hitherto has been progressive, and this more than any other. We left Nelmes together—she, her brother, and myself—for Cheltenham. They came to my rooms in town and lunched. Went by four o'clock train to Oxford.

Sept. 5.—Breakfasted at Oxford. She and I wished to stay the morning. As it, however, threatened rain, Newman induced us to go on. Journey to Cheltenham long; an old lady in the coach. Her manner as kind as could be, more lively than I have seen her. Gave her the third cameo. She seemed very much pleased. . . . Heavy, of course, all the day, and tired. Cheltenham, especially this hotel, brings back old times of my dear father. Solitude of heart is to me the most painful feeling. I pray most constantly that I may be spared it. Henceforth I cannot feel grateful enough to God for this great blessing in prospect.

Sept. 6.—Found all the morning coaches to Bristol gone when I asked. Obliged to stay till three. When I had made up my mind to go, Newman called and asked me to dinner. Introduced to Miss Harding.*

* Elder sister of Mr. Newman of Nelmes, who had taken the name of Newman.

Very little, dignified face; like Mr. Newman. Walked with E. H. N. and Newman by Lansdown new church. . . . Miss H. asked me to stay two days. Asked E.'s *permission*, or rather *pleasure*, and, it being affirmative, accepted. Music. Miss H. plays beautifully. Altogether they look refined and sensible people. Talked with Miss H. about N.'s state of mind, which makes all very anxious. Very sorry to find him in doubt as to our Saviour's Person. Altogether seems to have no belief in Christian doctrines. It is my first prayer that E. may become a real Christian. All my influence will be directed to this point.

Sept. 7.—Raining hard nearly all the day. The morning read, and began new sermon on Marriage Feast. Afternoon called on Miss Harding. Long conversation with her about Newman. Pleased that she entered into family concerns with me.

Sunday, Sept. 8.—At Close's. Sermon seventy minutes for Church Missionary Society. Stood all the time. "Jesus lifted up his eyes and had compassion on the people because they were as sheep." A powerful sermon on the whole, spoken without any hesitation. . . . Went to the Hardings' afterwards. Walked out with E. H. N. and Newman. He left us, and then I had nearly half an hour with her alone, and what she said highly delighted me. She intimated that she might agree to the marriage sooner. Her aunt and sister in favour of an early marriage. I told her she ought to contemplate the possibility of her father's marrying or dying. She was incredulous on the first point, but I persuaded her. I felt this conversation the most confidential and intimate that we have ever had. I leave Cheltenham highly satisfied.

Sept. 9.—A beautiful ride to Bristol, 9—2. It brings back old times. I have indeed cause for deep thankfulness when I recall the course of events.

Read Romans partly on the way, and thought about dear E. H. N. with great delight. Found them all expecting me at Clifton.

Sept. 10.—Came to Clevedon with mother and sisters in afternoon. Curious to revisit it after twelve years. It is prodigiously increased, but hardly improved. I should think a picture of my state of mind, opinions, and desires at that time very valuable. I can remember that I was fond of watching the sea on the rocks. I think the rocks now very small to what I then thought them.

Sept. 11.—Went on with sermon on "Marriage Feast." I am not yet free from a painful feeling of distrust. My room is in another house, and altogether Clevedon is desolate enough. Called on the Brakenridges. Thought Miss vulgar and Mr. B. queer. Mrs. pretty, but all wanting in manner. Had a curious talk with a man breaking stones on the road, who spoke very clearly and well on religious points.

Sept. 14.—Walked to the old castle, but looked in vain for the verses I wrote there twelve years ago. Beautiful view. . . . I am aweary of Clevedon, but I foresee, alas, a constant state of anxiety till I am married. God grant this may not defeat it. . . . I am not satisfied with my temper. It is always at home I feel myself most put out.

Sept. 16.—Came to Bristol through Wraxall. Thought of my poor father. Too late for morning coaches: stayed till 4 reading papers and reviews and doing business, etc. . . . Came on to Cheltenham at 4—9. Had to sit by a drunken fellow. Three French people opposite, who amused me.

Called at Miss Harding's: found N. gone to-day, but She stops.

Sept. 17.—A disappointment which I had not thought of. Called on Miss Harding. She said she was sorry she could not ask me to stay as there was

no gentleman. Stayed nearly two hours, talking chiefly about N. E. was having her bust taken, which is very like. I longed for another, but Miss H. demurred. I hardly saw her face, thanks to her curls and bonnet, as she was going to dine with the Bests. She was very cordial and gave me the pen-wiper, and contrived that I should stay till to-morrow to carry a letter. Felt vexed that I could not dine with her, but it wore off. . . . Studied to please Miss H. Taught by experience.

Sept. 18.—Called at two: talked chiefly about N. Did not see her alone, but she seemed very cordial. The bust admirable. Tried to be very cheerful. Said I was going in the morning, so Miss H. asked me to tea, and all passed over very well. *She* played very nicely. We talked a little. She promised me another purse. I am not sorry to go, because the constraint here is very great. I should only like to know when *she* returns to Nelmes, and when I am to go there.

Sunday, Sept. 22.—At Eton. Went with Coleridge to Datchet in morning. Read prayers for him. He approved of all, but recommended more emphasis in lessons. He gave a very good sermon: the miracle of the blind man.

In evening preached at Windsor church. In some alarm, but got through without any mistake. Same sermon as three weeks ago—N.'s character. I am very glad to have preached in a town church.

Sept. 23.—Came up to town at twelve. There is not a soul for me to speak to among its 1,600,000 inhabitants. Could not write, but read Jeremy Taylor; wrote out a prayer for E. H. N. I am anxious not so much to see her, as to know when I shall see her—to feel assured of her father.

Sept. 24.—Could not write this morning. Read Jeremy Taylor's sermon on God's mode of converting sinners, most extraordinary eloquence indeed. I

never felt it so strongly before. . . . Periodic prayer is a great comfort. Composed one for E. H. N.'s spiritual improvement and her family, to accompany each time.

Sept. 27.—No letter. Rather anxious. However, I feel myself essentially different from what I was two years ago. I enjoy a trust in God to which I was then a stranger: God make it ever increase. It is a great satisfaction to pray for her.

Oct. 5.—Finished sermon on fig-tree. Just as I had done, Packy* came in and summoned me to the Baron. He had only just got my letter, and told me his brother was probably about to vacate a living of the Chancellor's in Ipswich, which if I liked he would ask for me. All this seems providential: my head has been in a whirl about it. I have written to Newman to ask if they would like the situation. It seems to me the very thing for E. H. N., being near the sea. My weakness and liability to sin fill me with dismay. Read a beautiful sermon of Newman on "Watching."

Sunday, Oct. 6.—At Dodsworth's. Assisted at Communion. Forster preached very well on the vices of the tongue, frivolousness, talkativeness, and irreverential speaking. Carey in afternoon not so good on speaking truth, without head or tail.

Oct. 7.—A letter from Newman which made me uncomfortable. There is a trimming tone in it I do not like, as well as reserve. Col. Hall thinks things have been conducted with *precipitancy*. Alas! I know what this means—that I have not money enough. Trying to compose myself by trust in God.

Oct. 8.—Baron Alderson tells me Ipswich is not likely to be vacant: talks of asking Bishop of London for a district for me. This would be much better. Perhaps I should choose it for myself rather than

* Packenham Alderson, a son of the late Baron Alderson.

anything. Wrote to Newman, and to his father: to the former very strongly, conjuring him not to be *neutral*, and laying open the right and the wrong. . . . Trying to put my trust in God: sad undoubtedly.

Oct. 9.— . . . I went out when post time came, feeling very nervous. At my return found two most satisfactory letters—from Mr. N. confirming his promise, without reference to third parties, and from N., saying I had misconstrued him. Sketched an answer. This has lulled my fears. *For the first time* I feel perfectly easy as to their intentions. About *her* I have never doubted. Thankful, I hope, to God.

Oct. 11.—A nice little book called "Woman's Mission," which I mean to give E. H. N. Ordered also a small Bible for her. Would to God that she may take a keen interest in its contents. There is nothing which I more ardently desire or pray for more earnestly. Got several volumes from Christian Knowledge Society for her also.

Sunday, Oct. 13.—A very pleasant day. Communion, 148 present. Evening, Coleridge. A very good sermon on *praying always;* the things of sense meant to be guides and analogies to us of spiritual things. Very well drawn out. He pleased me more than ever before.

Oct. 16.—I have heard nothing from Nelmes, but I am easy since Mr. N.'s letter: as to the rest, I have assumed moderation for my motto, remembering *οὐδεν μέγα ἐκ τῶν ἀφνω γιγνεται.*

Oct. 21.—Discomposed and uneasy in my afternoon's walk at no invitation or news from Nelmes. Suspicions of disloyalty torment me. This evening *resigned*, hopeful, and contented. I am sure distrust is wrong: I struggle and pray against it.

Oct. 22.—Waiting with impatience in spite of every effort for the evening post. It came—a knock, but no letter for me. I was discomposed for

some time, and had great difficulty to recover serenity and resignation.

Oct. 25.—This morning, to my utter astonishment, received a letter from Mr. N., saying E. H. N. wished to break off all intimacy through disapproval of relations. I have been long dreading misfortune, and was not quite taken unawares. Went over to Nelmes. Saw Mr. N. and Miss P. Satisfactory interview I thought. He assured me that I had his cordial consent. Got his permission to go to Clifton to see her. Went from Nelmes relieved: reached home and wrote to her a long letter, plain and serious, for my all is concerned, to deliver on alighting from the coach.

Oct. 27.—In all my life have never been in so dreadful a state of suspense and agitation as this morning, at the Mayor's Chapel especially. At last it was over. Called at Mrs. Eales' and found Miss Pickering there; very glad. What a mountain off my heart to hear her affection was unchanged, but the grand obstacle is that they have found I have connections in trade. Hence all this turmoil. Nothing will induce her, I see, to go at all against her father. A long talk with Miss P. and Mrs. Eales, whom I have found most kind. To-day she would not see me. Grieved at this, but better not press it. Went home somewhat relieved.

Oct. 29.—Went to Millais, and got a very pretty nosegay, which I carried there. Talked long time with Mrs. Eales. . . . If her father leaves her free, will not give me up. Returning from Bristol, met her on the Middle Hill with the little Eales. Stopped and spoke a minute, then let her go, not to take an advantage. She looked most charming, though I scarcely saw her face—a vision of delight. . . . In God only is my trust that he may keep her heart firm, and turn Mr. N.'s to me.

Oct. 30.—Cheerful conversation with Mrs. Eales.

She laughs at my letter, and says it may go into four words, *Do you love me?* Went away in good spirits.

Oct. 31.—An awful disappointment. She wishes no engagement. Will not see me nor hear from me for two years. When twenty I may write to her. I was paralysed at this, but consented, and with difficulty forbore reproach, but I did. Mr. N.'s letter has *confirmed* this, but not produced it, they say. Would not see me. I could do nothing. . . . Left Bristol by mail at seven, with a heavy, heavy heart.

Nov. 1.—At times to-day in a dreadful state of mind. Unable to pray; in despair. . . . God give me strength to bear my great trial, and bless and keep her—my joint and constant prayer.

Nov. 21.—Went to see Mr. Cotton at the Bank. He was very kind, and said the Bishop was very favourably inclined to me, but there are many to be here consulted, and, so far as I can gather, the chief objection to me is, "that my bodily presence is weak." He did not state this, but I inferred it. Thus, the great trial of my life has now been of serious prejudice to me. Overcome with despondency at times, as on November 1. A terrible state; but got through my prayers, a good sign: for the worst of all is being unable to pray. Sadly discomposed by the conduct of E. H. N. and her family. This is a great disappointment. Wrote to Coleridge. I strive to have hope, and trust in God. How little should I feel the trials of life if I possessed her affection sure.

Nov. 26.—Heavy-hearted to-day. I am constantly harassed by the thought of her *readiness* to give me up, and cannot throw all my care upon God with that entire confidence I could wish. I trust I do not encourage this temper, but I am utterly unable to throw it off.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Judge Coleridge's. His elder daughter's birthday. Large party: sat between Mr. and Mrs. H. Coleridge. She talked very well about German and Greek. The first lady I have ever heard profess a knowledge of that language.

Nov. 28.—What I strive day after day to realise is a living faith in the paternal and unfailing providence of God: it is so difficult not to connect *disappointment* and *affliction* with *desertion*, the most terrible feeling to man, as our Saviour's Passion shows.

Dec. 10.—Attacked with desponding thoughts about E. H. N. when I awoke (a time at which I am peculiarly open to uncomfortable thoughts). Again in my walk. They went off considerably after afternoon prayer.

Dec. 14.—All this week in low spirits: liable to fretfulness and depression. Want of faith is at the bottom of this: would that I had more. Perhaps when the night is darkest the morning is nearest.

Sunday, Dec. 15.—Assisted at Sacrament. Dodsworth evening. Impossibility of judging another's spiritual deserts: the province of God. Adultery of the heart worse in some than actual adultery in others. This touches near.

Dec. 21.—I have been dull and troubled for many days past. Unable to feel love and gratitude warmly towards God. The cares of life, or rather the one subject constantly forces itself on me, and intercepts the view of divine things.

Dec. 31.—Was to dine with Baron Alderson, but they made an engagement to Dr. Jennings, at Hampstead, and took me there: a very agreeable party. Sir B. Brodie, Sir W. Symonds, Miss Tyndal, etc. More than usual conversation. Brodie very agreeable. Dr. J. very civil. A noble organ, which he played very well. Baron Alderson been recommending me again to the Bishop [of London]. I am to go on Friday, but I do not expect much from him.

Prayed in the new year. I have for many years felt this a striking moment, but now I felt it an awful one. May God give me grace for all the trials of the coming year.

> Thou who keep'st the key of Love,
> Open thy fount, Eternal Dove!
> And overflow this heart of mine,
> Enlarging as it fills with thee,
> Till in one blaze of charity,
> Care and remorse are lost, like
> Motes in love divine:
> Till as each moment wafts us higher
> By every gush of pure desire,
> And high-breathed hope of joys above
> By every sacred sigh we heave,
> Whole years of folly we outlive,
> In his unerring sight who
> Measures life by love.

So ended the year 1839. The new year, 1840, brought my father congenial work and the wife of his heart. He became examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, in the spring of 1840. "The offer of the Bishop's chaplaincy, May 1, 1840, took me absolutely by surprise," he writes in his notes. "It opened a new field to me; far more than any pastoral work; the distinction it gave me was flattering, perhaps too much so, to so young a person. It almost turned my head at first." Allies took Orders without any theological training, and, of course, it was the same in his new post. He presented candidates for five general ordinations. "My occupation with the Bishop," he writes, "was exactly to my mind. Direct pastoral work I did not desire; yet I wanted the stimulus of contact with younger minds approaching like myself the study of theology. From the beginning my intercourse with the Bishop was in one point unsatisfactory; his doctrinal views struck me as low, dubious, unsystematic, and finally, intensely un-

catholic (as I heard T. Ackland once say, which ever after fixed in my mind), and his mode of living in his family luxurious and worldly. I was, however, a favourite until upon the publication of Tract 90 in the spring of 1841, the Bishop took violent alarm, and as he could not get me to express disapproval of it, he became more and more suspicious of my tendencies." Before Tract 90 appeared the writer was strengthened for the conflict. On October 1, 1840, at Marylebone Parish Church, he married Eliza Hall Newman, who was then in the radiant beauty of her eighteen years. Her prose corrected his poetry, as she thus described the ceremony in her diary: " The Bishop of London settled our hash for us."

CHAPTER III

1842

Launton

THE examining chaplain was too good a Churchman for his post, and in January, 1842, his engagement with Bishop Blomfield came to an abrupt termination for reasons he thus specifies:

"In January, 1842, the Bishop had gone to the baptism of the Prince of Wales, and when I saw him on his return mentioned that the King of Prussia had been one of the godfathers. This deeply offended my Church principles, that a Prussian Protestant who was outside the Church should be admitted as godfather. With more sincerity than prudence I stated my scruple to the Bishop, who had been a party consenting, and was not a little nettled at this remark of his chaplain, for he wanted, as he told me afterwards, 'Moderate Oxford;' but this was immoderate with a vengeance. . . . A few days afterwards the Bishop said to me that he proposed to give me the living of Launton in Oxfordshire. 'I advise you to take it,' he said, 'because I can give it you now, whereas later on I may feel unable to give you a living.' I was grievously vexed at the prospect of going into the country, for I greatly preferred and enjoyed my position as his chaplain."*

His nomination to a country living was a heavy cross at the time, though a hidden blessing in reality. He was inducted on February 12, 1842, his twenty-ninth birthday, and took up his abode there in the following June.

* MS., written in 1878.

LAUNTON RECTORY

Showing the Yew Hedge said to have been planted in Queen Elizabeth's time

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The living of Launton, Bicester, was at that time worth £600 a year. The house is a delightful English home, standing in park-like grounds. It is hidden from the high-road by a yew hedge, said to have been planted in Queen Elizabeth's time. The church, dedicated to the Assumption of our Lady, dates from the eleventh century. Launton, however, possessed the drawback or the fascination of a ghost, for it was said to be haunted by a former incumbent, Dr. Brown. My mother made good use of her ghost, for although in her old home at Nelmes she had experienced the terror of sleeping alone in the north or "haunted" room, she does not seem to have known fear at Launton. She used to dress in a sheet at dusk when she thought "walking" was expected of Dr. Brown, and with a lantern in her hand would sally forth. She thus scared away those who were attracted by her fruit trees, especially her wall fruit. Oxfordshire is celebrated for its apricots, and so was Launton.

My father was twenty-nine when he took possession of his parsonage, a ripe scholar, longing for intercourse with intellectual minds and also to win souls. Untrained as to theology, he built up the science for which he had a natural bent by sheer labour and private study. He was not exactly the man to deal with the British farmer, for his thoughts never ran on crops, turnips, or the price of wheat. The entries in his diary show that he took the shortcomings and ignorance of his parishioners sorely to heart. "I began my pastoral duties with ardour," he wrote, "but here has been a source of perpetnal grief and disappointment. . . . I found the people most ignorant and still more untractable; I found the means to act on them inadequate, and the more I thought, the more inadequate they seemed. After having in the main got over so complete a change of occupation and scene, I found this a grievance, which

I could neither escape nor alleviate. It has fairly taken away all satisfaction whatever, which would otherwise be the recompense for pastoral labours, always anxious and so often unfruitful. This feeling had much effect on the growth and bent of my religious views. On the fourth Sunday, July 17, 1842, I gave two sermons, and have done so from that time. On Monday, August 8, I began the morning and evening prayers."

The pastoral duties consisted in preaching and reading a "chapter." The English clergyman was no priest, and he gave kind words instead of last Sacraments. My father yearned for the priestly office. He was endeavouring one day to set before a dying parishioner the delights of heaven.

"It may be all very well, sir," replied the old man, "but Old England for me!"

On another occasion he was preaching about Joseph, the husband of Mary, a personage his parishioners had never contemplated at all, for Launton knew of only one Joseph, the son of Jacob. A farmer's comment on the sermon was always remembered:

"Mustn't he have been very old, sir?"

Mr. W. G. Ward, "Ideal Ward," as he was often called, visited Launton in February, 1843. "He first told me," notes the Rector, "that the Roman Catholic clergy celebrated daily. I was greatly astonished. My frequent private Communion dates from that time. The journal of my visit to France in August, 1843, shows that I had begun to stir all the questions between the two communions. It points to the incipient break-up of my Donatism. I well remember how I lived upon that visit for long afterwards, how I was constantly comparing certain *effects* I had seen abroad with certain *defects* under which I was suffering at home."

My father's first publication was in April, 1844.

"My volume of sermons came out," he writes. "J. H. N. had seen and approved those on Romans, as he did, when published, the rest. Keble wrote a favourable short notice on them, October, 1845, in *Christian Remembrancer*. They excited very little notice, and have not sold well, though they produced valuable letters from some to whom I sent them, Gladstone for instance."

My father's frequent Communions were made apparently without confession. His MS. journal marks his "first confession on April 30, 1844, to J. H. N. The subject of post-baptismal sin had always much engaged my thoughts. That vast practical hiatus in Church of England theology I was always endeavouring to fill up. At the time I went to J. H. N., though I had abundant difficulties in detail and a most painful sense of defects, I don't think I had any serious doubts on the *whole position* of the Church of England. I have often remarked, as a very curious point, how from the time of this first confession the latter doubts have grown. Was a spiritual veil then removed?" W. G. Ward's *Ideal* appeared in 1844, and raised both enthusiasm and protest. "Wars and rumours of wars followed immediately on Ward's book," writes Allies. "There was the attempt to oust Symons in October, 1844. Then the new statute and constant meetings in Oxford about it. In February, 1845, came the great contest to censure Ward; the attack on Tract 90." February 13th was the great day, duly noted by Allies.

Feb. 13.—Went in by coach to Oxford with Prater, Mr. and Mrs. Brown. It snowed a good deal from ten to two. Very wintry indeed. Met Coleridge at Marriott's rooms. Before one in theatre, then rapidly assembled; the area was nearly full, and a great number in the galleries. I was myself in the front row, not far from the English rostrum, when

Ward spoke. Preliminary business of admitting men occupied about half an hour. After which the propositions were read, and Ward began his defence. This occupied nearly, I should think, an hour and a half. He spoke with great self-possession, great clearness of tone, and good management of the subject. Disclaiming the authority of the House for that purpose, strongly urging the case of the Evangelicals in putting a non-natural sense on the baptism service, and of High Churchmen in doing the same to the 20th Article; with the utmost fearlessness declaring his own convictions, yet respecting those of others. There was an expression of inflexible boldness in all his attitude, yet without any token of disrespect and without any irreverence in anything that he said. Altogether, I was profoundly impressed by a sense of his ability and of the goodness of his cause. I believe that impression was very general; that many were neutralised, and many changed by his defence. Such a proceeding, as I heard Dr. Pusey say, could only benefit his cause. The first censure was carried by 777 to 386; the degradation by 569 to 511. Over by half-past four. I dined with W. Palmer at Magdalen. A very large party. Sat next to Mr. Blackmore, chaplain at Cronstadt. Talked about Russia and the Greek Church. Went to his brother's at Balliol to tea; met Ward as he entered, and went with him to Bagster the printer's. He is in very high spirits, evidently from the great weight taken off his mind. Sat at Edwin Palmer's some time, with two Russians. W. Palmer thought very highly of Ward's defence. Said he patted the beast admirably. Afterwards went to his rooms, when he showed me some elementary books of the Russian Church which he and Mr. Blackmore were translating. At twelve went to bed on (T. H.) Newman's sofa.

Feb. 14.—Mounted Magdalen Tower after break-

fast (prayers at St Mary's). Met Ward at Parker's. Walked with him in the parks. Charged him with imitating the conduct of the reformers which he so censures—*i.e.*, dissenting on his private judgment from the Church in which he was educated, and preferring the Roman Church, without having had means of truly knowing her *indoles*. He denies this; but there is considerable truth in it. Then we went to Dr. Pusey's, sat there some time. He is full of apprehension as to the future attacks upon Tract 90, etc. In low spirits about the Church generally, as who but must be? He has only kitchen chairs in his library. Much pleased with his conversation. His hesitating, humble manner a great contrast to Ward's rapidity and decision. Spoke very highly of W.'s defence. . . . Just saw Manning at Parker's. Bought there St Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* in 10 vols., fol.

Saw T. H. N. just before leaving, and to my great amazement heard Ward was going to be married. Asked Dr. P. what he thought of Ward's marriage. He answered, "It is not my business to speak of other people's affairs." Afterwards he said it seemed providentially allowed to take away from the effect of his writings, and implied that it was a great fall. Ward's own apology for it was simply: "Doubtless in a pure Church priests should not marry; but I am a priest in the Church of England, which is impure, so I shall."

In the summer of 1845 Allies went abroad. The glimpse of the Church which he thus obtained served both as refreshment to his spirit and as contrast to the state of things at home. He stopped at Hursley on the way, as on a former occasion. Two letters to my mother about this time are dated from Hursley. Thus he wrote in June, 1845: "I have not yet seen much of Keble, for we* got in

* He was travelling with his friend the Rev. C. Marriott.

very late, and we breakfasted at a quarter to eight, which is just over. His parsonage is completely covered over with plants, flowers, and ivy. There is a rose tree only eight years old, which has grown thirty feet high, and covered a great part of one side." And again: "I wrote to you last from Mr. Keble's house on Tuesday; and I take up the account of my proceedings thence. . . . We spent most of Tuesday with Keble, but had not much talk with him. I heard him catechise his children in church, and give a short sermon afterwards; his congregation was hardly more than nine on week days. His appearance and manner are, I think, at first sight by no means impressive, but his conversation is striking, and much more free and satirical than I expected. It struck me that he was exceedingly discontented with the state of things."

At Hursley he saw what one chosen spirit could do; over the water he saw the Church in action. He could not avoid drawing the conclusion which he notes on August 10, from his Launton Rectory: "Since my return home I have been unable to apply to anything. The prospects of the Church have appeared to me in the darkest view. All the arguments for our separate existence have been obscured: all those against it vividly present. May God brace me to the vigorous discharge of daily duties, that light may spring out of this darkness.

"*Monday, Aug.* 11.—Went into Oxford, in order to see Newman. Was two hours and a half with Marriott. He told me of Munro's parish—700 people: 100 communicants; all speak to him before communicating; thirty-five regularly confess. Many of these have been Methodists. M. rightly says that this is no work of man: *no one* by the use of *any* means can count on such results. He hopes that Pusey will originate something, like a form of prayer and intercession to be used in common, and is con-

fident he will be bold enough for anything. The suspension has cracked his skull."

Newman's refusal to hear confessions during the last months at Littlemore obliged Allies to seek a new director. There was not a wide choice in those days, as may be well surmised. "E. B. P. [Dr. Pusey] as adviser and confessor instead of J. H. N. does not so attract me and command my homage," writes my father; "not that I do not thoroughly love him, and value his *spiritual* guidance, but I do not think his mind logical in ecclesiastical matters; he does not fairly meet difficulties presented to him; and especially he does not seem to see the Church of England *as she is*, but through such an atmosphere of filial love as disguises or sublimates her features: he does not therefore touch the wound which festers."

Thoughts and hearts were centred on Newman. My father records a dinner with the rector of Mixbury, Mr. Palmer, and "some talk with W. Palmer. His view of the Anglican Church that its position is thoroughly uncatholic, and the doings of the reformation miserable, yet he is held to it by a sense, as it were, that it has life in it. He said it would even be a relief to be certain that it had not, as making one's course clear. He seemed to think that many might accompany Newman. Our Bishops, mere functionaries, fairly representing the actual system. The strength of the Church lies in the lower and oppressed part. His conversation singularly original and positive. I was struck by the admirable conduct of Mr. Palmer's school children in church. Some of them very small."

On Monday, August 25, 1845, it is recorded that "the Dean of Westminster, Canons Jennings and Frere, visited the manor. The former and Mr. Frere at evening service. The Dean went over my house, in part, and garden. Much liked the latter. Liked nave of church, but not chancel. I dined with

them at Bicester. Met Mr. Wilkinson and Morley. The Dean after dinner talked to me about Newman: wanted to know the drift of the book he was preparing; called him the gladiator of his party, whereas Pusey was *the saint. . . .*"

"The saint" lent himself much to the work of direction, although he had not a saint's care for jurisdiction. There was never, there could not be, a question of faculties, nor was my father ripe enough in mind to note the flaw. He writes of this time: "Went into Oxford. More than three hours with Dr. Pusey. Talked a great deal about my parish. Recommended leniency with dissenters, not forcing those who came to church to be absolute Churchmen, or absolute dissenters. Talked much about Newman. P. said he had told him he had no views about the future. Would not receive Roman Orders unconditionally, from his belief in our succession. His patristic reading, specially the Monophysite and Donatist controversy, persuaded him that Rome is the centre. The latter made it clear that individuals should move if the bodies in which they are refuse. He wrote to him but lately that he (N.) did not *doubt enough* about the English Church. The signs of life in her weigh with him much; and P. enlarged upon them, contrasting our state in this with that of the continental reformed congregations.—C."

Then in October, 1845, Allies was with Marriott at Oxford. On the 10th he breakfasted with Marriott. "He laid his hands on my shoulders and said very solemnly, 'I must tell you that Church has had a letter this morning saying that Newman was admitted to the Roman Church yesterday by Father Dominic, the Passionist.' I had been so long expecting the blow, that it was almost a relief when it fell. Walked with Blomfield. On returning home found a very nice note from Newman telling

me of the fact, and expressing the clearness of his intellectual conviction that he was doing right."

That October brought more to Allies than the loss of his friend, in the nomination of Dr. S. Wilberforce to be the new Bishop of Oxford. The one represented pain, the other struggle. Talks with Dr. Pusey were stimulating, for Dr. Pusey, in spite of history and logic, insisted on being hopeful. The diary describes an argument on October 27: "At Bicester found Dr. Pusey alone in the coach inside, reading his sermons for Leeds; he had sat up writing till six in the morning. Had a long talk with him to Blisworth Station. I said one difficulty was, that the Roman side was so much more defensible in an argument, so much more easily stated logically. He agreed, saying, as soon as you give up violent anti-Roman statements and feelings, and admit Rome to be a Church, our position becomes a weak one. It was easier to deny her catholicity (this may account perhaps for the strong anti-Roman line generally taken by our divines), but that being admitted, our position becomes strictly defensive, and lies in points not easily stated. He seemed full of hope: chiefly, perhaps, arising from the contrast between the Church of England, as he remembered it, and as it is now. I told him about our intercourse with Ratisbonne, at which he seemed much interested. Told me a strong story about the force of intercession from St Gregory the Great's writings."

Dr. Pusey's sermons were for the consecration of St Saviour's at Leeds. Allies accompanied him as far as Derby. A party of ladies, he writes, filched Dr. Pusey into their carriage. We reached Leeds at seven, and Mr. Slatter came to meet Dr. P., who took me under his wing. We found the church lighted with wax-lights round the walls, the workmen just finishing and setting the seats, which are all

movable on a floor of common square tile. The first sight of it struck me as rather cold and severe, the windows in the dark being a blank. It is very narrow, precisely of the same width as my own little church, though three times its size—the five arches of the nave exceedingly lofty, so that the clerestory windows cannot be seen but under these arches from the aisles. Derick has put a canted roof on, to the very great injury of the effect. This and the narrowness are considerable drawbacks. There is a very rich and beautiful screen, which to-night was surmounted by a cross with the emblems of the four evangelists. The Bishop is inexorable about requiring this to be taken down. Dr. P. called me to see how well it looked from under the great west window. It is indeed a most wretched piece of puritanism to take it down, quite in keeping with the rest of the Bishop's conduct. I met Mr. Derick in the church, who doubtless was not much pleased to see me, but asked me how I liked it. I said very much, except the roof; but it was ungracious to censure where there was so much to approve. He said he did not care for censures. He was content with it. The roof was copied from the finest in England. We had a little private service out of the house.

Oct. 28.—At seven we had a little service as before. I went up to see the church. The windows gave it an entirely different character by day. Nothing can be more beautiful than the large north, south, east, and west. The west: the Crucifixion, St Mary, St John, St Mary Magdalene at the foot of the Cross, and other saints. The east: the Ascension, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles below, saints around. The north: the Passion, an exquisite picture, but much of this window the Bishop's puritanism had made a blank. The south: our Saviour bearing his Cross in triumph: a colossal

figure. Two-thirds of this window blank from the same cause. Dr. P. had only got the Bishop's consent to a marble slab for the altar ten days before, and at nine on the morning of the consecration it was not come. The tracery of the great windows is exceedingly beautiful, combinations of triangles in circles, and the mullions are so large that it gives the different parts the appearance of pictures set in frames which I remarked at Chartres. I know of nothing to compare in beauty with the effect of the four great windows. Our Lord's Passion meets us on every side, as is fitting in a church built by a penitent to the glory of his Redeemer.

We were assembled between ten and eleven, at the school-room at the bottom of the hill on which the church stands, 260 in number. We waited here till near twelve, during which a villainous address was presented for signature to the effect that the undersigned viewed with reprobation the departure of certain persons, etc. Many signed this: Dr. P. refused, so did Dodsworth. At length the Bishop arrived, and we wound in slow course from the school-room up the hill, occupying the whole space, some hundred yards, so that the first entered the church before the last left the room. The factories around were crowded to see the sight, the spot being very conspicuous, and had we had a fitting ritual, it would have been fine. We should have chanted: "Who stand around unto the hill of the Lord." The ascent is very steep, and this would have been most appropriate. But though we went in silence, still it was an uncommon and impressive sight, even with the unassuming surplice.

The service was read, the psalms and hymns chanted. The Bishop gave us a sermon of deplorable feebleness, and the most calumnious representation of the Church of Rome. He made out our peculiar blessing to consist in the possession of the

Bible, " the instrument whereby the soul is new-born to God." Of church, or ministers, or Sacraments, not a word was said, save indeed that this possession of the Scriptures gave the people the means of judging whether their ministers preached the Gospel to them. He made the most meagre and, as it seemed, forced mention of the building of the church. I have rarely been so disgusted as by this sermon. From the number of communicants we were not out till after four. The address, permitted if not encouraged by Dr. Hook, and at a moment when it seemed almost like treachery, the petty worrying conduct of the Bishop to Dr. P., and his sermon, greatly impaired the pleasure I might otherwise have felt. Dodsworth and I got a hurried dinner at the assembly rooms. Hook came in for a moment, and was loudly applauded. It was a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding for the poor, for the rich at 2s. a head.

At half-past six there was an overflowing congregation. Dr. Pusey preached, connecting the founding of the church and the founder with the history of the Magdalene. I lost very often the conclusion of the sentences, being at his back.

Wednesday, 29.—Prayers at seven. Litany and H. C. at eleven. Prayers and sermon at three, again at seven-thirty. The H.C. service was very pleasing to-day. There was a much smaller collection of clergy, but all that were there seemed of one mind and heart. Pusey preached Marriott's sermons on sin, adding considerably, and it was curious to contrast the Pusey and Marriott metal. In the afternoon P. preached Keble's sermon on the temporal and eternal punishment upon sin: very good. In the evening, Richards preached, feebly.

Went back to Leeds at four; a quick train, under the hour. In time for tea at the curate's house. I amused them by saying John Wesley would have

been a thorough Puseyite, had he lived now. Dr. P. was by and laughed. We hear of Wesleyans coming to his sermons, and being much pleased.

Dodsworth preached this evening on baptism: sound, but I thought not happily harmonised. Marvellously like in passages my own sermon on Romans vi.

Henry Wilberforce had a long talk with me. He said: "I am fairly vexed—done in my parish. I feel we can do nothing in the Church of England without confession, but how we are to get it I see not." He expressed the highest opinion of J. H. N. "I consider N. the greatest blessing God ever gave to any Church." He told me as far back as the end of 1839, "that if he could stay where he was, he was full of hope." Considered Manning the best spiritual guide we have; superior to Pusey as having more judgment. I said I could not understand Manning's inordinate opinion of the Anglican Church. He replied that M. had, however, a very deep sense of her actual corruption. Said he should like to introduce me to Fortescue; when he was written to from Wadham last year, he told them he was too ill to come up, but had he been able he should have voted against Symons. So I was alone. H. Wilberforce is one of the most thorough and decided persons I have met with. It was a comfort to find his experience and his opinion so exactly coincide with my own.

The beautiful communion plate has been lying in Dr. Pusey's room, the admiration of all who see it. Not only the Bishop would not allow it to be present at the consecration, but he says that he shall use every means in his power to resist its being accepted at any time. The sum of the offence is, that there is an inscription on one of the patens: *Propitius esto, Domine, Luciæ Mariæ quæ hanc patenam dedit.* Be gracious, O Lord, to Lucy Mary,

who gave this paten. A similar one on one of the chalices; and a like one, save that it is for the *living* donors, on the large alms basin, a magnificent plate. This refusal fills me with pure disgust, as did the whole conduct of the Bishop at this consecration. His one alarm seemed to be lest his people should think he was a Puseyite. I could not but admire the patience and the hope with which Dr. P. bore all rebuffs; he corrected me more than once for a rather free exercise of my opinion on the Bishop's proceedings.

I wished so much to see Coleridge that I determined to leave with Dodsworth.

Friday morning, Oct. 31.—We went by the six-thirty train: he in the first, I in the second. Reached London quarter to four. A fine day, as it has been all this week, to our great comfort, for never did I see so uninviting a place as Leeds; it far surpasses Birmingham and Bristol. Got to Eton by six. St Augustine sustains Coleridge, and certainly it is full of hope; nevertheless he is greatly moved at the present state of things. He has a splendid portrait of J. H. N., given him by Richmond. It is put in his dressing-room; the drawing-room would be dangerous. He is quite in a pet with the contrast at the end of my diary, and won't read it; nor will he let Jane Parker read it. I had some talk with her, and think this prudent. I told her the Eastern Church was my own great support *in argument.* Stayed most of All Saints' Day at Eton, and had a good deal of talk with C. He said one must set up a Roman Catholic school, if one was obliged to leave the English Church, but I fear the Jesuits and other Orders cut off that resource. Went up in the evening to Dodsworth's, about nine-thirty. I find him little less advanced in the last three years than myself; not, indeed, inclined to move, but forced to contemplate the possibility of moving.

Sunday, Nov. 2.—At his church the first time since the alteration in service. The altar greatly improved. He preached in the morning, I in the evening, on our Lord's early life. Both times a thin congregation, compared to what I have seen there. His own people were not generally come back. Called on Judge Coleridge in afternoon; had some talk with John C. He says R. Palmer thinks both Keble and Pusey will go, sooner or later. K. avowed to him that there was nothing in the Roman Church as to the reverence used to saints which would prevent his belonging to her. As to indulgences, indeed, he had not made up his mind. But this is a minor point. And the difference in P.'s language is very marked. R. Palmer himself in a letter I saw to Coleridge promises to help St Augustine's hereafter, if he should not follow J. H. N.'s example, "which he does not think he shall"; but this very proviso shows how far things had gone. The Judge came in late from Dodsworth; Church with his eldest daughter; I had only a few words with him. Dodsworth is alarmed at the thought of J. H. N.'s book, and talks of not reading it: "One feels one is not a match for him." This won't do. If one is to stand, it must be upon a certain ground, which will bear all scrutiny.

Monday, Nov. 3.—Did various errands. Saw E. Hawkins. We have parted courses considerably since we parted company. Left London at two; intended to have slept at Oxford the night, and gone to Littlemore, but eager to get home, so went on by coach, and found all well.

I heard that there had been for months past attempts to set the Bishop of Ripon against Pusey. At last the Evangelicals tried to get up an address to prohibit his officiating in the Diocese, but Dr. Hook would not join, so it was given up for want of numbers; P. himself said there was a notion abroad

that Newman had gone, and was taking with him one detachment; he was to go next and take a second, and Hook come last with a third. I believe Hook was very uncomfortable the whole time, and would have been heartily glad to escape it all.

One of the curates said Pusey would have saved £1,000 had he come up now and then to give an eye to my friend Derick.

Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1845.—Went to see J. H. N. at Littlemore. I had resolved to give three full years to this dreadful Roman controversy, and *whatever* might be my convictions, to do nothing during that time. And I wished to ask him to set me upon a course of reading and moral and intellectual discipline for that time. When I asked him this, he said it would be better to wait and read his book, and then consult him on any particular point. It was such a *sea*. When I asked specifically whether there was anything wrong in taking a considerable time, whatever might be one's feelings, his answer struck me as very different in tone from what it used to be. He said he could not answer such a question without consulting those in authority—that indeed no general answer could be given; that it must depend on the subjective state of each individual. I alluded to his own case, and the many years taken since his convictions were what they now are; he said he had had such a distrust of argument. The great point seems to be whether the conscience was touched; if it was, then great delay seemed not allowable. The R. Catholics asked this: "Is the conscience touched?" It is not to be wondered at that N.'s tone is changed; but the change is very marked: before he was so uniformly decisive about waiting, circumspection, etc. However, he admitted that a person in doubt was at worst in the position of catechumen waiting for baptism. We then talked on other points. He

seemed much touched by the history of Fr. Dominic.* The founder of the Passionists, Father Paul (St Paul of the Cross), who died sixty years ago, had a view to England in establishing his Order. Fr. Dominic himself (who is of humble parentage from the Roman States) since 1814 has had a presentiment that his call would be to England; yet he was only sent here three years ago, and that in consequence of a series of what are called chances—*e.g.*, the person appointed before him was possessed with so nervous a fear that he should be unable to learn English, that his superiors substituted Fr. Dominic instead. He is very gentle in his treatment, others not. N. thinks the R. Catholics have not any violent designs on the Church of England. They rather wish to make an impression on the vacuum of the great cities. They seem to wish to avoid Oxford. He supposed he should be moved from Littlemore, as there was no means there of acting on education for those younger than himself. I suggested Oxford: "No," he said, "that would be too painful." He said the new Bishop was not capable of taking any line; was of an illogical and misty mind, though sufficiently able to draw a party around him. He asked about Leeds with much interest; thought 260 a large number. I described the Bishop of R.'s sermon to him. He seemed much grieved by the rejection of the plate. Said Wilberforce's chaplain was to be Walker of Wadham, whose line was rather mathematics than theology. He said his book made him very anxious. He hoped it would be out in a fortnight; it would contain 430 pages. It ought to have been out long ago, but it was the printer's fault. Said his own last step had been before he had intended; but at last he got uncomfortable, as

* The cause of Venerable Dominic Barberi is introduced. See Appendix for account of a most remarkable apparition of Ven. Dominic.

he had not felt before, and this decided him. Said he was quite at ease at what he had done: and his whole aspect betokened this.

It was a great delight to see him again. One just feels that one would be content to do anything and to go anywhere with him.

Saturday, Nov. 22.—In Oxford. Saw Pusey about three-quarters of an hour. Talked about signs of life in English Church; his confidence seems to increase; says we shall lose many, but we shall reproduce more; the movement is not stopping, but going on wider and wider. Spoke of a Wesleyan converted by his condemned sermon; of a Socinian who read the early Tracts as a matter of curiosity, but when he came to that on baptism was arrested by the reality of the view and converted ultimately. Consulted him whether *confession* should be insisted on before giving H. C. in cases of long neglect, not to say grosser sinfulness. He said contrition in such cases may be accepted. I alleged the strong words of the Tridentine Catechism on the absolute necessity of sacerdotal confession; he replied, the Church's declaring it necessary altered the case; ours, like the ancient Church, left it open. I referred to his long note on the point in Tertullian. He said that was strictly defensive. I told him afterwards what a fluctuation of spirits I experienced about our position, sometimes, as when I read one of his letters, filled with hope; at other times, greatly depressed; this would not do; one ought to hold a view above the reach of all such assaults. He laid great stress upon the indubitable signs of life among us. I asked if this was more, or different in degree, from the manifest working of God's grace among the sects. He seemed to think so, from our having the organisation of a Church, undoubted descent, being the ancient English Church, if any. I said, of course, that would settle the point, if there were not a

decided break at some part. Now the conduct of Elizabeth seemed to me so fearfully schismatical, etc. He said thoughtful men, Church, for instance, were inclined to think that the Bull against Elizabeth was a political miss-move. It was remarkable how both our hands and theirs had been held: our Articles composed before the Council of Trent, and that Council keeping silence about us. We had slid insensibly into an argument about the English Church, when P. was called away to church at four.

Just saw Marriott. Had a talk with Macmullen about Marshall for a curate. What he said made me hesitate.

Thursday, Nov. 27.—Went into Oxford to get J. H. N.'s book, so anxiously waited for, and with a combination of opposite feelings, love, fear, anxiety; sent a copy to M. d'Alzon, another to M. G. S. Went to a lecture on the brain by Ackland, which was interesting. He traced the analogy from the lowest organised bodies up to man—incidentally admitted something very like phrenology. Marriott took me here, and afterwards walked with him, Mozley, and a young Burton to Headington stone quarries and by Birtlington. I talked with Mozley. He is less, as it seems, moved by Newman than I should have thought. Says N. does not like the English R.C.'s, and will keep aloof from them. He expressed pretty strongly his disbelief of the Sacred Coat at Trier, yet could imagine a state of mind which would excuse those who sanctioned it. Seemed to think the English Articles would never have been retained but for the conviction that they were compatible with a far greater degree of Catholic truth than a *prima facie* view suggests; Laud, for instance, had power to have changed them.

Returned in evening with my treasure.

Wednesday.—Determined to stay till the afternoon, St Mary's morning and evening. Had a long

talk with W. Palmer. He thinks J. H. N.'s book by far the most able defence of R. Catholicism which has appeared. It promises to become ecumenical. He says the carrying out of the fast test stops at the sixth century, because the case of the Greek Church would have run counter to it. His faith as to the continuous life of the E. Church is by no means overcome; though, like most of us, he is watching events. If ever he goes, the loss of so clear and well-judging a mind would have great weight. Thinks if the Scotch Church gives in, that it will be a very bad omen: "Puseyism" has always been maintained there, without any opposite school. Palmer distinctly acknowledges that if it were necessary to choose one out of the three pictures of the Church, to the exclusion of the rest, he should choose the Roman. But he feels also that his whole education, his feelings, and views from infancy, assure him of the vitality of our Church. He instanced the growth of such men as his father as a proof of this. J. H. N. is likely enough to have wanted this sort of proof. I remember myself the profound reverence with which, when visiting Wells in 1826 with my father, I regarded the Bishop waiting bareheaded to see him at his gate; and, again, the deep awe with which, from the first, I looked upon the H.C. It was portentous to think that such a book as Newman's, being a new and most able defence of Catholicism, should come from without the Church. They must make J. H. N. quickly their own, or he will be the centre of influence instead of their own authorities. Palmer showed me two pictures sent him by the Archbishop of Moscow, one of the Holy Trinity, the other of the Blessed Virgin appearing with St John to St Sergius, a Russian saint: a third from Mouravieff's picture of our Lord. After this walked to Headington with Mozley. Struck again with his anti-Roman feeling.

Jan. 19, 1846.—Went to Eton. The week after my return I had been extraordinarily depressed. At times I seem to have no standing ground in the English Church, and intensely repelled by her spirit, yet unable to recognise the R. Church as the *only* one, and the feeling that if one left one's present communion one would be so utterly torn up by the roots and dashed on the seashore to perish like seaweed is very trying. Talk with Coleridge did not much reassure me. He is convinced a violent attack on Pusey is to be expected. He is himself of good heart, but knows so little of the Roman controversy that, except his own subjective convictions, he can encourage one but little. Still the phasis of things which he sees is encouraging.

Feb. 4.—Went into Oxford yesterday; walked with Marriott to Littlemore. Talking of Fr. Faber, he said: "Self-consciousness is the opposite of self-knowledge."

We saw J. H. N. at Littlemore for about a quarter of an hour; nothing particular said. He enquired about Pusey's sermon with interest, seemed to distinguish between Power of the Keys and confession. M. remarked it to me and wondered what was the drift of this. N. looked, I thought, more aged than usual.

M. proposes to found a college in Oxford, offering £3,000 and himself as head gratuitously. He thinks he can find sufficient men of like calibre. There seems danger next year of a commission being issued to Oxford. Dined with him, Church, H. Coleridge, and others. Church thinks the Greek Church of the utmost importance in the argument, and that J. H. N. has completely shirked it. Tea'd at W. Palmer's, Princess Gatizin and her secretary. She talked great stuff, I thought, on philosophy, unity, etc. P. says there are numberless points in history, the Fathers, the Councils, which the R.C. are obliged to

twist in every direction on account of their present theory; so he thinks J. H. N.'s book a godsend to them. They will probably largely use it, and avoid authorising it.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Went into Oxford; at W. Palmer's saw Williams (of Jerusalem). We had some talk during the day of Church matters. P. says our sins and deficiencies are endless, but still he thinks us free from schism. Acknowledges his mistake in his pamphlets of supposing there was anything in the English Church to answer such a tone. Should not do so now. Has a very poor opinion of our Episcopacy; thoroughly Erastian. Dined with J. H. N. Took coffee with Marriott. About half an hour with Dr. Pusey. Not satisfied with J. H. N.'s book as to the point of Roman supremacy. Thinks it not borne out. Some talk about Miss Stone.

Tuesday, March 3.—Went into Oxford. Saw Mozley, and proposed to write an article on the defence of the English Church from schism, grounded on the Patriarchal as opposed to the Papal system. He thought that line unoccupied. Talk with W. Palmer afterwards. He instances strongly Leo III.'s refusing to admit the *Filioque*, which his successors have allowed. He says history is full of such things.

[My father was absorbed in the *Essay on Development*, yet he was engaged that March, 1846, with a particular work of his own, which he thus describes:]

"I proposed to Mozley to write an article on the defence of the E. Church from schism. What led to it was this. I was much struck in J. H. N.'s book on development with the parallel between the evidence for the Papal supremacy and that for the Real Presence, in the Preface. I thought I would set myself to look at the original sources for the Primacy—viz., the Fathers. In doing so I was more and more impressed with the different system of

Church government to which they pointed. I wrote to J. H. N., asking him if he knew of any collection of all the passages in the Fathers relating to the Roman Primacy. He answered, no. My first impulse was to collect them myself. Finally, however, this changed into an article for the *Christian Remembrancer*, begun, after much previous reading and thought, on March 19 (1846); finished April 7. It was accepted and put ready for the printer, when, mentioning to E. Coleridge what I had done, he strongly urged me to publish it rather. I got it for this purpose, and going over it again, added so much, mainly out of Bossuet's *Defensio* (which W. Palmer had pointed out to me), that by the time it was finished a second time, it had reached 200 close pages. Having found my own view entirely from passages of the Fathers, great was my astonishment to find how Bossuet, and, as I discovered afterwards, the whole Gallican School, went upon the same lines. . . . But no sooner was this little treatise finished than I found fresh and fresh proofs continually occurring, so that from June, 1846, to October, 1847, I was constantly engaged on reading, extracting, arranging, and adding. Then the book was passing through the press till February 9, 1848, when it came out six times the bulk of the original article, and thrice that of the first edition.

"I may say that all my studies during these two years were directed more or less to this one subject; but the states of feeling through which it led me are very curious. I began fresh from J. H. N.'s book, with almost the conviction that the question of the supremacy would lead me to Rome; that it was in that, the most favourable point to the Papacy. . . . As I went on a sense of the hollowness and sham of the present Anglican Communion, of its timid, indefinite, truckling statements of

doctrine; of its base subserviency to the civil power; of the dangerous conclusions as to the very being of the Church Catholic to which one's historical inquiries seemed to lead; a sense, in short, of living in an atmosphere thoroughly alien to one's feelings and convictions, became almost overwhelming. I said to myself, 'This is indeed the true ground of the E. Church, but has she ever taken it? Has she not really been, throughout her course, a very different system, something in very deed as unlike the ancient Church which she professes to reverence as any system can well be, having in some respect the same outward organisation?' The ἦθος, in short, of the Anglican Communion was stifling me; while, with all my belief of a great flaw in the authority claimed for the Roman Pontiff, there was a deep sense of the grandeur of the Papal system and Church. And, above all, there was this grand difficulty: if *they* are right, there is a Catholic Church still upon earth; but if *we* are right, it would seem that this Church is mere matter of history; if not extinct, it is suspended now, and has been for hundreds of years."

The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism reached a second edition in a short time. The author hesitated whether he should continue the work conceived in 1846 and proceed with the defence from heresy, as he had done from that of schism, to his own utter discomfiture. He writes:

"Consulting E. B. P. on the question of heresy, he seemed to discourage the study, the point really being how far the allowal of heresy destroys a Church." The XIXth Article declares that "all the Churches have erred," and thereby obliterates the very conception of *the* Church. The rector of Launton felt with many another that he could do no good. He could not reach the consciences of his people, and preaching to them seemed to him

LAUNTON CHURCH

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" preaching at a stone wall." He took refuge from the weary land in his study, lined with the Fathers which he had bought as a provision for his country parsonage. St Augustine's teaching came to him clear and strong. " It was a day never to be forgotten," he writes, " when I ascertained for myself that St Augustine worshipped the Eucharist." The passage in question is the very Augustinian commentary on the 98th Psalm: " Adore the footstool of the Lord, for it is holy."

St Augustine spoke clearly in the study, and Allies had the resource of talks with a few very chosen spirits. Next to Littlemore he put Lavington. He thus records a visit to Archdeacon Manning:

June 15, 1847.—Called on Archdeacon Manning, who has been very ill, and is going abroad for a year. Had nearly an hour's talk with him. He asked with much interest about the second edition of my book, and I described the whole plan of it. He has evidently thought with great care and accuracy on the subject. Said *the popular* effect of it would be destroyed if the Primacy were allowed to be *divine;* for that no abuse would counterbalance the weight of that fact. As if we were obliged to receive baptism with salt and spittle it would not authorise the rejection of it. Recommended article in *Dublin Review* of December, 1844, on Supremacy before Separation, as being more *truthful* than was usual with them, and one of their best things.

With regard to troubles of mind, his answer was: " The way in which the mind is acted on by its subjective state." Sin in ourselves will, quite unconsciously, distort our view. He had become more and more convinced of this from his own experience. We often seem to ourselves quite impartial, yet are acted upon by the very influence

from which we suppose ourselves free. God's voice is to be waited for *thrice*, as in Samuel's case. If there be really a mind, saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," there can be no resisting of conscience. He had himself, in the last few months, considered more than ever before the probability that he might soon have to render his account; and though very anxious at *what* he was, had felt no anxiety as to *where* he was. There is an extreme calmness, gentleness, and considerateness, both in the manner and matter of his speaking, which leaves a strong impression. How can one fail to be touched by one who seems to have death full in view, and to have, as it were, measured its depth, as well as the relations and distances of spiritual things? He thought my third call had not yet been given. I was much struck, and told him so, at his using the very same reference to Samuel which J. H. N. had used on a like occasion to me. It seemed to touch him greatly. Recommended Adam's *Private Thoughts on Religion*, and to write to him what I thought of them.

Feb. 12, 1848.—Hardly can I persuade myself that I am thirty-five to-day, that I have reached the middle period of man's life. It is fearful to think of, and no less astonishing, for I seem as if boyhood were at no little distance from me. I can hardly believe that I am in manhood, and I have reached the middle of the age named by the Psalmist as man's portion. And when I consider how little I have conquered of the great kingdom that is within, *quel gran regno di dentro*, how little my heart is cleansed of its old idols, how little *αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἐμμεναι ἄλλῶν* has yielded to the great love of God and the desire to do his will, it is still more awful to know that I am thirty-five. And I sometimes fly from putting down my thoughts and feelings on paper; and still more from renewing

and summing up the past and present; yet this seems a fitting occasion to do it. My book is just off my hands.* The second edition came out on Wednesday (9th).

* *The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism.*

CHAPTER IV

1849

The "Journal in France"

AFTER Allies' work on the Church of England came his work on the Church in France as he had seen it. He considered it a debt which he owed to the Roman Church. He did not yet speak of *the* Church. He paid a visit to Archdeacon Manning on December 14, 1848, "to talk of alterations and omissions made in my *Journal* with a view to publication.

"I told him I wished to dedicate the *Journal* to him; he seemed unaffectedly pleased, but hesitated on account of this difficulty. 'It will put me,' he said, 'in the position of being asked by everybody: "Do you believe these things which have been written by an intimate friend of yours and dedicated to you?" I shall be obliged to answer, "I do," when perhaps I would rather not be asked the question.' He said he would think about it. He dined early and asked me to stay; Mrs. C. Manning and Mrs. Carey. We then walked to Murray's, to whom he introduced me. Murray asked the object of my *Journal* rather closely; said he had had the offer of Wordsworth's, and declined it, as not being in his line. I said I wished for a general rather than an ecclesiastical publisher. Manning said he should like to bring H. Wilberforce and me together; he should set us to talk, and listen. I told him that would be frustrated, for we should listen to him instead. So it was agreed I should go to him at eight o'clock instead of Westminster Play, to which Dean had

engaged me. From eight to ten-thirty M. H. Wilberforce and I had a grand talk. M. set forth as a problem to be discussed how it was that the countries which had received the Reformation had so increased in civilisation, wealth, outward prosperity, and good government, while those that had remained faithful to the Papal See had as much declined. Contrast, for instance, Scotland and Naples in 1500 and now; or again, Norway and Sweden and Spain, not to say England. H. W. suggested that it might be the intention of Providence to take away from the Church the token of outward prosperity. I think, however, we all agreed in feeling that it was a great difficulty, telling not for the Church of England, but against any Church system, and in favour of Arnoldism; by which we mean a belief in one God, a Redeemer and a sanctifying Spirit, disengaged from any ecclesiastical and sacerdotal system. This was to all of us a *reductio ad absurdum*. But this state of things strikes everyone; in the last few days Judge Coleridge, E. Coleridge, and Ernest Hawkins have all discoursed to me upon it. H. W. contended vigorously that it was not the Church of England which kept us quiet; that the doctrines of the highest school in her had not affected the nation generally, which would go on much the same if Christ had not died for them, or if their belief in this were withdrawn. M. modified this in part, saying that a gradual deterioration of morals would ensue. H. W. said he could not except even my book from giving a result which tempted to infidelity. I acknowledged this, and said that latterly I had felt it so deeply that I had hardly spirit to conclude the enquiry. M. mentioned a report that Dr. Wiseman had been sent for to Edinburgh to see Gladstone's sister, sick of the palsy, that he had put a relic of St Philomena into her hand, requiring her to make at the same time an act of

faith, that she became thereupon better, and upon repeated applications of the same kind has been quite cured. H. W. and I both agreed that we could find no theology in the Church of England—no one divine who held the whole Catholic Faith. M. did not attempt to disprove this. He said this morning that should anything be determined against confession, it would move him more than anything else; for it would be an actual impediment to holiness of life.

"I mentioned what Garside had told me of his visit to St Edmund's, when he pressed them as to the foundation on which the patronage of the B.V. rested. They answered that the R. Church had ever attributed much weight to the convictions of those whom she canonised; that this devotion had been a favourite one with all of them. Moreover, they considered our Lord in the womb of the B. Virgin as a figure of what had since gone on in the Church. He was the source of holiness, but influence went out *from* him *through* her to his mystical body. H. W. warmly welcomed the foregoing ground of proof. Who but men of saintly lives could be fit judges on such things?

"As far as I can judge, M. and H. W. are as little satisfied with the present state of things among us, as little able to see their way, as much embarrassed to give a *rationale* of the phenomena on both sides which will completely satisfy their hearts and consciences, as myself. M. is cautious, and H. W. impetuous, but I think there is not much difference of view in them at bottom, or with myself. I have derived much comfort from this interview."

Feb. 19, 1849.—Received to-day the first copies of my *Journal in France*. I went into the garden and read the whole conclusion. The publishing this book gives me extreme gratification. It so exactly sets forth my mind. It pays a debt which

I seem to owe to the Roman Church. I then went into the church, laid it on the altar, and presenting it to God, prayed that if it set forth his truth he would prosper it, and cause it to work in its degree for the reunion of his Church; if not, that he would give it little success, and not permit it to do harm.

If one could "enquire of the Lord" and receive an undoubted answer, what a relief sometimes would it be.

The history of this publication has been curious. When I met Coleridge at Lavington in August, he persuaded me to put it in Manning's hands to decide the point of publication. M. was against it, on the score that it would so tell against the English Church, and so embroil me. Then, *by chance*, H. Wilberforce saw it. He wrote to M., wishing that its details could be made known. M. writes again, repeating this in his own name, and recommending a revision. I then put it into Heathcote's hands, both to decide the point of publication and to mark what he thought should be omitted or altered. This was very little, and with these changes he offered to edit it himself, if I feared to give my name. I then determined to publish it myself; Murray declined; Longman accepted. Manning, H. Wilberforce, and U. Richards prophesy a great storm. My feeling is that these things ought to be known. I would bring things to an issue, if I could—*i.e.*, make it fairly seen whether the Church of England really and practically holds the whole truth or denies it.

Feb. 20.—At the holy Sacrifice this morning repeated the presentation of my book. It lay on the altar the whole time. I used the same conditional prayer.

I am in a state of considerable exultation at its coming out. Wrote yesterday to J. H. N., briefly thanking him for his prayers, and asking a continuance of them; to Bishop of Brechin, asking his

view of my book; and to Keble, ditto. I seem to have discharged a sacred debt to the Roman Church. . . .

J. H. N. made a most characteristic reply to the *Journal* as follows:

"ORATORY, ALCESTER STREET,
"BIRMINGHAM, *Feb.* 20, '49.

"Thank you very much, my dear Allies, for your most interesting, and, if I might use the word without offence, hopeful book. It cannot be but it must subserve the cause of Catholic unity, of which you must know, I think, there is but one way. You do me injustice, if you think, as I half gathered from a sentence in it, that I speak contemptuously of those who now stand where I have stood myself. But persons like yourself should recollect that the reason why I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation was not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there: if it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me, to wish others to leave it. The position of those who leave it in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of hostility to it. To leave it merely as a branch of the Catholic Church for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me. It is impossible, then, but what a convert, if justifiable in the grounds of his conversion, must be an enemy of the Communion he has left, and more intensely so than a foreigner who knows nothing about that Communion at all.

"Moreover, he will feel most anxiously about those whom he has left in it, lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope.

"Especially will he be troubled at those who put themselves forward as teachers of a system which

they cannot trace to any set of men, or any doctor before themselves, who give up history, documents, theological authors, and maintain that it is *blasphemy against* the Holy Ghost to deny the signs of Catholicism and divine acceptance, as a fact, in the existing bearing and action of their communion.

"But of such as you, my dear Allies, I will ever augur better things, and hope against hope, and believe the day will come when (excuse me) you will confess that you have been in a dream; and meanwhile I will not cease to say Mass for you and all who stand where you stand on the 10th day of every month, unless something very particular occur.

"Again begging you to excuse this freedom,—I am, my dear Allies, most sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

During the first month, the *Journal* "went swimmingly," but its career was speedily broken. "It would seem," wrote my father, in March, 1849, "as if I were to be driven into the wilderness. On March 19th was the confirmation, at which the Bishop gave me a letter attacking my book. Went in that evening to Oxford; consulted Heathcote; next morning wrote answer, approved by Heathcote and Pusey, Pollen, Wynne, Patterson. Returned Wednesday, March 26. Second letter from Bishop. Went into Oxford in evening, March 27. Sent answer after consultation with Heathcote. Pusey not in Oxford. Returned March 28. Third letter from Bishop, April 10, after his consultation with C. J. S. on Easter Day. Went into Oxford. Saw Wynne and Heathcote; up to London; Dodsworth out; Richards advised going to Lavington; read him correspondence.

April 11.—Went to Lavington; stayed a day and a half with Manning, and arranged answer after his

advice. Conversation about St Thomas and Suarez on the holy Eucharist. M. thinks there is no real contradiction between their view and our Articles. Advised me to take up the study of St Thomas, etc., for the next four years. Seemed confident that with a moderate and gentle censurer he could stop the Bishop's proceeding. Left Lavington much comforted.

Friday, April 13.—Burns's shop in London; bought a crucifix for Edward and for Basil, shell for baptising, etc., Madonna and Child statue and picture, Segneri's works, St Liguori's *Theology*, Bolgeni. Down to Oxford; evening with Heathcote.

Saturday, April 14.—Found Pollen here. Determined to take E. to Brighton, as she has had a cold and cough for six weeks.

Monday, April 16.—Into Oxford, with Wynne and Pollen, express train. Down to Brighton by 2—7, Marine Parade boarding-house.

April 25.—Sent third answer to Bishop, declining to accept his proposal.

April 27.—Bishop on the point of instituting proceedings, stopped by Baron Alderson.

April 29.—Went to London by first train. H.C. at Margaret Street, Manning preached. Conference at 9, Park Crescent with Pusey, Manning, Richards, E. Coleridge; Judges Coleridge and Alderson. Agree very reluctantly to engage not to publish a second edition. In the evening stopped Baron Alderson from proceeding.

Monday, April 30.—Negotiations suspended.

Tuesday, May 1.—Met Pusey and Manning at Baron Alderson's; stated that, as far as my own opinion went, I would make no concession whatever, but that I would yield my judgment to theirs, if united, so far as not to publish a second edition. P. gave his without hesitation; Manning took me home with him, and went over the book with me;

only one or two passages seemed to make him doubtful. He wished at first to send for Heathcote; but at last united his judgment with Pusey's. Terms of this letter not settled till Thursday, May 3; and then Bishop wanted more. Saturday, as I was consulting with Manning, W. Palmer came in. He suggested a distinction between matters of faith and of opinion, which was inserted. M. delivered the letter.

Sunday.—H.C. at Margaret Street. Heard Manning preach at St Margaret's. Wrote to him this evening, that this letter was my ultimatum. He saw the Bishop from 9 to 11 p.m.

Monday, May 7.—Bishop wants alterations; much disgusted. At last, Tuesday evening, letter arranged with Manning, H. Wilberforce, and Baron Alderson. Went down to Brighton supposing case settled.

Friday, May 11.—Brought up E. to London; slept at 9, Park Crescent; Manning, on whom I called by chance on Saturday, told me Bishop wants an entirely new letter. We came to Launton dispirited and uncomfortable. And so all is pending at present. No one, however, will advise me to carry the thing into court.

Proceedings were stopped owing to the intervention of Archdeacon Manning, Sir Edward Alderson, and Dr. Pusey, and the book itself was withdrawn. An anonymous purchaser bought up the whole edition. Dr. Pusey was credited with a transaction which took from the author the fruits of his labours. The *Journal in France*, which had no first edition, so to say, had a second edition in 1915. The first *Journal* could not contain the account of the last and most important visit to the Church abroad in the summer of 1849. On this occasion Allies was accompanied by Mr. John H. Wynne, then in the last stage of Anglicanism. John's elder brother,

Major Wynne, fell at Inkerman, and he would have inherited the family fortune and estates if he had not preferred the Society of Jesus.* On August 25, 1849, he wrote to my mother from Naples:

"My dear Mrs. Allies,

"I threatened you with a letter from Italy while I was in England, and I should have sooner executed my threat had not T. W. A. written so constantly that J. W. could never get his oar into the water. He (T. W. A.) is now sitting on the verandah which looks upon the bay, and has been twice to the post to look for letters from you, and as it is two or three days since he wrote to you, I shall send a few lines, though I suspect he has left me little to say that will be new to you.

"You will have heard from him of our rapid transit through France, of our change of route on account of the *quarantina* at Naples, of our sea voyage down the Mediterranean, touching successively at Genoa, Porto Fino, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. He will have told you how we travelled up to Rome, from thence over the Campagna with a Dominican friar, whose life had been attempted in the late disturbances, and an American gentleman whose thoughts ran upon water-power, railroads, and competition, and who thought Rome dreadfully *out of repair*, and lastly he will have told you of our presentation to St Peter. We spent ten days at Rome, where the heat was very great, but where, in spite of the heat and the unfavourable season, we were much interested and gratified. Under the most unfavourable circumstances Rome is always Rome and the 'Eternal City.' There is on the western side of the city a well-known conduit styled 'Fontana di Trevi,' whose limpid waters are said to possess such attractive power that the stranger

* Father Wynne, S.J., died on October 17, 1893.

who drinks them is secured a second visit to the capital of Christendom, however distant the home of his fathers. It was here that two English pilgrims were descried in the dusk of the evening of the Festival of the Assumption, descending the marble steps that surround the bubbling basin. Seven times they quaffed the gushing stream, and at each draught they willed a speedy return to the Eternal City. On the following morning before the day had dawned they had left the Lateran Gate, and were travelling along the Appian Way to refresh themselves among the zephyrs and ilex groves of the Alban Mount and to spend an evening with the Passionist Fathers on the summit of Monte Cavi. From Albano we came by a weary journey (though passing through some interesting country) by Terracina to Gaeta, where the Pope still holds his court, an exile from his Kingdom and his See, in a country palace and provincial town set at his disposal by the King of Naples. Allies will have told you how fortune or the good angels favoured us in the undertaking, how gracious a reception we met with from the holy Father, how complimentary he was to your husband, and how parental in his parting benediction. He made special reference to recent events in England, and you must never let them fret you any more. If England is unkind, Italy opens her arms to those who love the faith of Christ. If the Bishop of Oxford censures, ' the chief clergyman ' on the Continent approves: if Judas would betray, St Peter has established and blessed. The holy Father gave us each a present in parting from us (though I consider mine only as given to one of the suite). Mine is an intaglio of the Apostles SS Peter and Paul, which I shall keep with all reverence and care and hope to know the power of the Fisherman's key and the Tent-maker's sword.

" We have been here five days, and leave on the

1st of September for Turin. No description does justice to the beauty of this place. Naples is like no other place in the world, both for its natural beauty and the eccentric character of its population. It has half a million of inhabitants, and the first impression they are calculated to convey to a stranger is that they are all mad; but I have learnt a new classification of the human race, and shall henceforward divide them into sane, insane, and Neapolitans. They are a curious *pot pourri* composed of Spaniards, Italian, and Greek, and a common saying is highly illustrative of their character—viz., that three things which begin with F are necessary to govern Naples, 'Furca, Farina, e Festa' (*i.e.*, the gallows, grain (food), and gaiety). We had a little adventure last night. We had been to the Camaldoli, a monastery on a height above Naples commanding a view of the Apennines on one side, the Mediterranean coast with the islands Ischia, Procida, and Capri on the other, and the Gulf of Naples on the third, such scenery as might have disconcerted Pluto and mocked his Elysian fields. On returning the monks showed us a short road homewards, and a man opened a private door which led through a wood belonging to the King. Thinking that the wood was the property of the monks, we would not listen to his application for a reward, and it was surprising to hear how soon his tone of fawning adulation changed to the coarsest abuse when we persisted. He followed us through the wood for about half a mile, when, in a fit of disappointment, and having the advantage of a steep hill and a thick and lonely wood, he hurled a large stone at us, which flew between us as we walked along. Don Quixote and Sancho instantly turned and set their lances in the rest. The Italian, being extremely enraged and seeing himself attacked, drew a bill-hook from under his clothes and prepared to do battle. At

first the affair looked serious, but it ended in an altercation of words in which the Italian language is very rich, and, having satisfied our honour by fighting the foe with the threat of imprisonment and the gallows, we withdrew. I assure you the dramatic attitude of the parties was at one time very fine and quite poetical: Allies like one of Homer's heroes brandishing a mighty fragment of the rock on which he stood, Jove and his thunderbolt depicted on his indignant countenance, while jealous Juno stirred the Italian to the din of battle, sharpened his polished axe, and nerved his arm for vengeance, till Minerva lighting upon the earth rescued her worshipper, and soothed his soul with winged words. It is not, however, fair to inflict a crossed letter upon a lady, so I will release you with many thanks for your kind messages. I hope you endure your widowhood at Lowestoft with equanimity, and that the plan has answered. Pray give my love to Basil and Cyril. Dean writes me a good account of Edward at Lewknor. God bless you.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. WYNNE."

CHAPTER V

1850

The See of St Peter

EARLY in the year 1850 my father was engaged on the work suggested by Dr. Pusey, the subject being the *Holy Eucharist*. He was sitting in his peaceful study at Launton, when "suddenly, I know not how or why," he writes, "my eyes fell in Gibson's *Codex* upon the Act of Parliament in Henry the VIII.'s reign, transferring to the Crown the Papal Supremacy. 'Is this really so?' I said to myself. Dr. Pusey always has told me that the power of the Crown over the Church was a usurpation, but this Act makes it the foundation-stone, the beginning of the separate existence of the Church of England. The more I looked, the more certain it seemed. In the few days that followed I betook myself eagerly to the work of Suarez, *De Erroribus Sectæ Anglicanæ*, and the result was a pamphlet on the Royal Supremacy, viewed in reference to the two spiritual powers of Order and Jurisdiction. I sent this to my chief friends, but I found that no one of them would grapple with the argument. Neither Dr. Pusey, nor Archdeacon Manning, nor Judges Alderson and Coleridge, nor Archdeacon Wilberforce, nor anyone else publicly or privately, would meet my authorities and say, 'You have mistaken the Royal Supremacy and the Act of Parliament.' But I found a general disposition to ignore my pamphlet as ill-timed and uncomfortable. It came out just after the Gorham Decision. That wonderful decision laid down the

law of the Church of England concerning Baptismal Regeneration to be, that those of her ministers who believed it might continue to believe it and to preach it, and those who disbelieved it might continue to disbelieve it, and to preach their disbelief of it. . . . The Gorham Decision had, moreover, a positive effect on my own view of the great question about the Primacy. It made it clear to me as the day that the point was not whether a Primacy had become a Supremacy, but whether the Crown or the Church was to rule in things spiritual."

This judgment followed closely on the illumination offered by Gibson's *Codex*, and was, in fact, a living illustration of the Royal Supremacy. "As for myself," wrote my father about this time, "since the Royal Supremacy, as the basis of Anglicanism, has broken upon me, I have had but one view, that it *annihilates* us, as a Church; it seems, moreover, to supply the key that was wanting to our whole state. I no longer wonder at the dishonesty of our formularies, at the decline of principle in the various parties composing our community, at the slight hold which the Church system has on our people, in fact, at any or all the evils which afflict us. As to the judgment of the Privy Council in favour of Gorham, of course it involves us, if unreversed, in heresy; but important as it is, it seems to me quite subordinate to the question of the Supremacy itself."

My mother was moving rapidly along the same road. The Gorham Judgment brought conviction to her reason, whilst her feelings were deeply stirred by the reception given to the *Journal in France*. She won the hearts of the Launton poor by ministering to their sick bodies. They looked upon her as a born doctor, and she practised with great success as an unqualified parsoness. One day in that spring of 1850 she wrote in confidence to a friend: "If

Tom does not make haste, I shall go first," and she kept her word. On May 24, 1850, my father took her to Fr. Wilds, an old priest recommended by Fr. Newman, who could not receive her himself at that moment. Fr. Wilds, who was over eighty years of age, was living at 10, Upper John Street, and it was in a dingy London room there that the ceremony took place which made my mother a child of the Church. Ceremony, indeed, it could scarcely be called, for Catholics were barely issuing from their penal state, and everything which concerned them bore, as it were, the prison mark. My mother's baptism certainly bore it. The impression left on her mind was Fr. Wilds' extreme fear that the water might not touch her. He took her several times to the light, inquiring anxiously, " Have you felt the water, my child ?" To this she replied in her own lively way, " Not a drop." " I thought that the ceremonies of the Catholic Church were so magnificent," she used to add in describing the scene. Her faith alone was " magnificent " on this occasion. She knew what she had gained, and, on coming out, said to my father, " Now you are a heretic, and I am not."

My mother, now, alone belonged to the body of the Church, my father and little brothers to the soul, and one baby boy was resting in the old church of our Lady's Assumption. Henry Edward was born on September 18, 1842, and lived just long enough to be baptised. He was buried the following night in the chancel between the sedilia and the stone of Sir Matthew Shaw, priest. Of the other children, my father wrote about this time: " Our three children are a cause of great thankfulness, yet of great solicitude also; and their future education makes me more anxious, perhaps, than any other subject, or rather, it is so mixed up with the *one* engrossing subject of religion.

"Edward is now between eight and nine years old. In person he is full of natural grace, like his mother, in disposition affectionate, frank, and quite free from anything mean or tricky; reverential, I hope; fonder much of sports than study.

"Basil is certainly no ordinary child; his countenance with the most beautiful blue eyes, and hair falling in thickest ringlets of the finest gold (in shape and lie, though not in colour, just bringing back his mother's at eighteen), has a happy, heavenly aspect about it beyond words. This is especially true when he is asleep. One cannot then look at him without thinking that his soul is with his Guardian Angel. He is an exceedingly good child, with much more natural piety than Edward; his little crucifix (blessed by the Pope) is, I believe, his dearest possession. He is a born Catholic in all his ways. If he does wrong, he cannot be easy till he has been punished for it: 'Please, papa, give me a slap; I've been naughty.' As an infant he had a most pleasing serene look, now for almost three years his childish beauty has been remarkable. I shall grudge to the advancing years the loss of that vision of boyish grace. In him we realise the divine word that to enter into the kingdom of heaven one must become as a little child.

"Cyril is cast in quite another mould, with hair quite straight and dark eyes, and aspect full of fire; great determination in his demeanour and little childish ways. He indicates much character and will probably be the cleverest of the three, and will be four in July, and Basil six in May.

"For the future all things seem to portend a disruption. Has not Puseyism been allowed to grow and extend itself in order to carry the sounder portion of the E.C. to Rome? Why else has it a leader so little appreciative of first principles, that he clings desperately to the communion of his birth,

though ready to cast him out, while he encourages others and carries out in his own practice distinctive Roman usages? Is he not gathering fish into his net which are finally to be landed on the Roman shore?"

The "disruption" was beginning at the Launton home in the desertion of friends. During that last summer (1850) Mr. Palmer,* Rector of Mixbury, sent over his daughter, Eleanor, to desire all the servants then at Launton to leave my father and mother. This was acting on Catholic principles, and Mr. Palmer treated the English Establishment as if it were, indeed, the Catholic Church. In this bitter conflict they had the solace of a true friend. My father had met Monsieur Pierre Labbé on his French travels. The abbé was at the head of the *petit séminaire* at Yvetôt. He crossed the water twice during that summer, once for my mother in May, then again for my father in September. The abbé Pierre Labbé was as the angel Raphael sent to Tobias, leading my father into the green pastures steeped in noonday brightness.

As rector of Launton my father began that championship of the holy See which only ended with his life. He devoted his last days in his study to writing *The See of St Peter*,† which he set forth as the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity, and dedicated to W. E. Gladstone. He spoke in it his own farewell to Anglicanism, with his reasons for leaving it, and he spoke to countless souls who have been moved by his arguments to return to Mother Church.

"On September 8, 1850," writes Allies, "I performed my last Sunday's work in the Anglican

* Father of Mr. Roundell Palmer, who was created Earl of Selborne.

† *The See of St Peter* reached a fifth edition in 1917: brought out by C.T.S.

Church. Monday, September 9, left with E. and M. Labbé for Birmingham; sent Basil and Cyril to Nelmes. Tuesday, September 10, not finding Fr. Newman at Birmingham, went on to St Wilfrid's and was received there by him, with conditional baptism, Wednesday, September 11. Thursday, September 19, returned to Launton a Catholic."

The living was formally resigned on October 21, and Launton ceased to be home.

CHAPTER VI

1850

Early Catholic Years

MY father ceased to be Rector of Launton about the time of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. Cardinal Wiseman "out of the Flaminian Gate" was greeted, as Serjeant Bellasis* recorded, with some very quaint abuse from the Anglican Bench.

It was November before my father and mother found themselves with one dingy sitting-room in Golden Square, and the square garden with the square cats for the little boys. They were close to Cardinal Wiseman, and their back street was lightened by his presence. At the same time an atmosphere of dinginess prevailed, and I can find no trace of the *joie nuptiale* so often manifested by the early martyrs who were tossed by wild bulls and devoured by lions.

"At Golden Square we were doomed to stay till June 21, 1851," wrote my father in his MS., "continually *bercê* by the Cardinal's promise of the newspaper; trying to hear of pupils, and, I think, most thoroughly wretched. We had poor little Basil and Cyril with us in insufficient accommodation. . . . In April, 1851, I was just on the point of taking a house in St John's Wood, when Fr. Newman stopped me by proposing a place at the Irish University. One evening we went after a good deal of hesitation to Mrs. G. Weld's. I saw Eliza

* See *Per Crucêm ad Lucem*. Introduction, vol. i., p. 16.

sitting by a lady, who surprised us by calling in the morning shortly after; still more by sending game in a few days, and most of all by wishing E. and the children to go down to her house in the country. . . . This invitation broke up our lodgings in Golden Square."

Wootton Hall, Henley-in-Arden, was then the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smythe. He was a younger brother of Sir F. Smythe, and she was a daughter of Lord Stourton. Wootton offered them a resting-place, a chapel in the house, and the warm sympathy of truly Catholic hearts. Shortly after Wootton had been found, my father received a commission from Archbishop Cullen to act as temporary secretary at a meeting of Dr. Newman and others at Thurles. This turned his mind to the Catholic University, and to a home in Ireland. "However," he writes, "Father Newman's lectures delayed his going over, and it was the first week in October (1851) before he and I (with Bathurst for his companion) set out together for Dublin and Thurles. There we sat in conclave from Tuesday to Saturday. . . . At Thurles it had seemed doubtful whether we should not begin the University, even before winter, and it was only after my return that it appeared nothing would be done that year." In the course of 1852 Fr. Newman's advice was to give up the thought of the University, and it was relinquished for the time being. Wootton Hall was the birthplace of the first born Catholic in the family. My father and mother welcomed a little girl after four boys, and called her Mary. Shortly after Mary's birth, Edward and Basil were taken to school at Yvetôt, M. Labbé's *petit séminaire* in Normandy, and my father was counselled by his friends to find a home in London. "Once more," he writes, "I set about looking at houses in St John's Wood, and at last found one exactly suiting

me, which I took from June 21, 1852, to December 21, 1856."

This was the Priory, North Bank, since famous as the residence of George Eliot. The house was a delightful specimen of the old St John's Wood. The pleasant rooms, the garden with its fruit trees, may have recalled Launton. Both North Bank and South Bank were sacrificed to the Great Central; smoke and dinginess are where gardens and fruit trees were. There is no *campus ubi Troja fuit.*

"Once settled in North Bank, with a home around us again, the time of tranquillity did not, as I had expected, begin."*

This was because it was not easy to find pupils, nor, when found, to teach those who had no mind to learn. Manuel Paul was one of the last, and gave good promise, at least, of being agreeable, but was summoned away almost at once by his father's death. He sent a message in his funny English to my mother: "Give my reminders to Missus." His heart was good, if his speech was quaint.

A country house visit in January, 1853, served as a diversion. "I liked the change of scene," wrote my father, "but felt much the utter nothingness of rich society. Every virtue seems stifled by the world's abundance. It is 'being clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day' to the letter." An antidote was provided by the Life of St Francis Xavier, "that wonder of divine love. No life attracts me more, partly because his original temptation was one which besets me; nor is St Ignatius' strange power over minds ever more apparent than in conquering the early devotion of St Francis to literary glory. . . ."

Monday, Jan. 31.—In the Queen's Bench from ten to near three, to see J. H. N. receive judgment! Cockburn, Wilkins, Bramwell, Addison, and Baddeley

* MS.

spoke in mitigation of punishment.* Wilkins with great freedom and boldness, and in a way which leads one to expect that he will be a Catholic. A warm panegyric of J. H. N. and those who had done like him. Thesiger and King replied in a very hampered way. J. H. N. wished to speak, but was not allowed. After this Coleridge delivered judgment in a long Puseyite sermon, the object of which was to contrast J. H. N.'s gentleness as an Anglican with his ferocity as a Catholic, and to dissever the cause of Anglicanism from Achilli. At last came the sentence: a fine of £100 and imprisonment till it was paid. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ. . . .*

In those days at the Priory, North Bank, my father saw much of Fr. Faber, to whom he was greatly attached. On Friday, February 11, he writes: "Saw Fr. Faber after four weeks' interval, through his illness. He pays by great suffering for those remarkable talents which God has given him. Much talk with him. He does not think depression of spirits and suffering under one's trial any proof that one has not frankly accepted it as de B. suggested the other day. Instances Fr. Newman's suffering under the Achilli trial to the very last, so that it was like razors cutting him even to hear Coleridge's twaddle. He spoke of the utter absence of μεγαλοψυχια in the English Catholic body, the work of grace not to invigorate natural *character*, but to form the supernatural. Great absence of this among us. . . ."

May 4, 1853.—Wednesday, vigil of Ascension. I meant to have carried on this daily, but here are nearly three months slipped by. The reluctance to write anything about myself is almost insurmountable. The fact is, that the mental pain of a whole life seems concentrated on each day, by the power of anticipation. . . . I encourage with all my power

* In the Achilli trial.

the thought that it is *tempus merendi*, not *tempus fruendi*. I think again and again over the sufferings of our Lord, of our B. Lady, of St Paul, and all the saints. I have known the law of suffering long ago. I have preached it to others: I have dwelt upon it for years in my own thoughts, and yet no sooner does it come to be exemplified in oneself than one's faith is tried to the utmost.

May 5, *Ascension Day*.—To Oratory, Fr. Faber on our blessed Lady. More grace given to her than to all other creatures put together. Her wonderful capacity for receiving grace. The thought of Mary goes to soften the rugged edge of that terrible mystery; strait is the gate and narrow is the way, etc. I have long felt this. It is the Incarnation alone which has power to relieve the soul from the overpowering burden of sorrow. Faber has too great facility in preaching, and, I think, a certain tone of exaggeration, which is quite Faberistic, diminishes his force. He conveys to me a greater notion of power in intimate conversation.

June 8.—A great dinner at Lord Arundel's.* The Cardinal, Mgr. Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, Nunzio to America, Bishop of Southwark, Lord Stafford, Mr. Langdale, Sir R. Throckmorton, Dr. Clifford, Monsell, Hope, Bowyer, Baddeley. Sat between Sir R. Throckmorton and Baddeley. Had much talk with the latter about Catholicity, said he thought a telling book might be made out of the admissions of eminent Protestants in favour of our doctrines. His legal friends do not at all look shy upon him. I told him that I knew not a single person, save one or two who were likely to become Catholics themselves, that was not entirely changed towards me. How keenly, in spite of efforts to the contrary, does the mind feel the alienation of friends.

* Lord Arundel and Surrey, afterwards fourteenth Duke of Norfolk.

Mgr. Bedini, a pleasing looking Italian prelate. The Cardinal full of a miraculous healing which took place last Friday, at the Benedictine Convent, Hammersmith, on a bed-ridden nun. Cured after a novena to the Sacred Heart, having been six years and a half confined to bed, and unable to put foot to the ground. Protestant physician attesting. I began last Sunday a novena to the Sacred Heart for Mary Anne's* conversion. Would it may succeed in like manner.

During the past month I have suffered at times extreme depression of spirits; the root of this is always the same—the utter destitution of my temporal fortunes, and the hopelessness of the prospect, as if the rest of my life was to be heaping up sand hillocks by the sea-shore. The grievance is that I long to study, to produce some work for the glory of God, and I am condemned to the most anxious thoughts as to what I shall eat and what I shall drink, wherewithal I shall be clothed, I and mine, and to the drudgery of teaching dunces. It is a terrible trial, certainly, and has been upon me with the weight of a mountain for three years now, and in anticipation long before. After all, to sacrifice one's own will is the great thing. What were all human knowledge for a lifetime to one moment of the beatific vision; what all human praise to the word, Come, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee. But, in spite of this, it is a hard trial. Here is my whole life, as a Catholic, up to the present time summed up. It is Abraham's sacrifice repeated every day, and in prospect for every succeeding day. I know it is for the best, yet it is slaying the first-born of one's mind, and that daily, over and over again. . . .

On Friday morning, July 15, my dear sister Caroline was called out of this world. She was

* His sister, Mary Anne Allies.

carried off by a series of epileptic fits, the termination of a brain fever, which began on Monday, July 4. But for nearly eighteen years, out of thirty-two, her life has been the dying life, the perpetual disease of one suffering from scrofula. Since a former violent attack of brain fever, in November, 1846, this had, I am sure, impaired her mind, and since my father died, fifteen years ago to-day, my mother and Mary Anne have spent their life in one long sacrifice of care and attention to her. At last it is over, when it was beginning seriously to press upon them. May God be merciful to her. The cross in itself was enough to have made a saint, not of her only, but of her mother and sister. . . .

Thursday, July 21.—My poor sister was buried in the vault above my father in the Abbey Church at Malvern, the service spouted by the vicar, Mr. Nashdale, in a tone which to my companions seemed solemn, and to me almost comic, so false and put on, and unnatural. It had the effect of a continual preaching. What a deep antagonism between the Protestant and Catholic mind.

Sunday, Sept. 11.—Anniversary of my reception into the Church by Fr. Newman. The London Oratory* closed this day, after about four years and four months' existence. Attended the High Mass, when the Bishop of Southwark gave a simple and feeling sermon; then a dinner at two. Fr. Newman there, Mr. Hy. Bowden and son, Macmullen, Bishops of Southwark and Northampton. After dinner took Fr. Newman up to North Bank to see E. Returned with him, and at evening service, when Fr. Faber preached very nicely. Fr. Newman deplores the delay as to the University, the work of the Archbishop of Tuam; says it has cost him his three best men, H. Wilberforce, Northcote, and myself.

* Then at King William Street.

Friday, Sept. 16.—My mother and Mary Anne came up from Ryde to live with us. May God turn this to good. I desire, above all things, that they should become Catholics, and feel that it can only come from a surpassing grace of God, following prayers, not ours certainly, but the prayers of those saints in heaven and friends on earth which we may obtain. May God enable us not to flag in this great work of charity. I shall make no attempt by argument, or any direct proselytising, to approach them.

Res angusta domi was greatly helped by the arrival at the Priory of Mrs. Allies and her daughter, Mary Anne Allies. The necessity for taking pupils was happily removed for my father, who was not more qualified for teaching rudiments *rudibus* than a Mozart would be for teaching scales. The appointment of secretary to the (then) Poor School Committee had been before him during all the year 1853. "On Thursday, July 28," he writes, "I was formally elected secretary of the Poor School Committee. And the concurrence in time of this with the other arrangement has powerfully affected my feelings. Determined to offer up all my Masses and Communions for some time to come in thanksgiving; a dry, hard, calculating spirit towards God has been my great fault. I want a pure movement of thankfulness—a filial reclining of myself on him.

"On August 1, 1853, I began my work as secretary of the Catholic Poor School Committee. The state of constant anxiety and fret has subsided. I discourage myself from looking at the future: I strive to leave it absolutely in God's hands. It is no heathen sentiment, though a heathen's words, '*Carior est illi homo quam sibi.*' My trial has a little sifted. Its real force consists in living the

life of a clerk, occupied mainly with petty routines, when my natural desire is to study and write. But if it were for God's glory that I should do this latter, he could easily bring it about. As it is, every day brings with it a sacrifice of my will to his; and what is any outward work compared with this inward one? It is true, as I leave my library every morning for dull John Street, a momentary pang strikes through me, and on days like this I am prone to sigh over years that seemingly produce nothing. But, after all, 'In Tuo lumine videbimus lumen: ibi *vacabimus* et videbimus; videbimus et amabimus; amabimus et laudabimus: ecce quod erit in fine sine fine. Nam quis alius noster est *finis*, quam pervenire ad regnum cujus nullus est finis.'—(*St Aug.*) Undoubtedly, it is just the discipline and correction which I need.

"The chief incidents of the year have been my sister's death, the joining household with my mother and Mary Anne, and Eliza's confinement on Sept. 28. . . . Life in its course is far other than we should have chosen for ourselves: but thus are we led 'up through this thwarting outward world to God.' At seven and twenty worldly honour and official rank seemed to open on me as an Anglican Bishop's chaplain: at seven and thirty all seemed sacrificed to becoming a Catholic; and now at forty I have started afresh as a species of clerk in a city office. What is this, O Lord, to thy shed at Nazareth; or how proud am I to shrink from a scratch of the nails which pierced thy hands and feet!

"Our joint household gets on very well; occasional discussions. Mary Anne's mind is in nearly every point antagonistic to mine. She flies by a sort of instinct to the *loosest* and *lowest* of Protestant writers. I seem to see a very great change wrought in her during the last ten years. Thus she does not consider even a belief in the Blessed Trinity to be

necessary to salvation, but seems to make the only fundamental doctrine to consist in belief in the Lord Jesus and his atonement. The Church, the Sacraments, and everything that belongs to the whole ecclesiastical order, the priesthood, the sacrifice, she has a keen and vehement antipathy to; while she is *tolerant* of the wildest vagaries of unbelief, the most patent absurdities on the Protestant side. Yet all this with great moral goodness, great affection for the young and the poor, very active charity, serene good temper, save when ruffled by Protestantism being discredited.

"Never have I been so firmly convinced, before studying her, that heresy is a deep malady both of heart and mind. I have brought proofs before her, as plain to all appearance as that two and two make four, which she rejects at once. No text of Scripture can be found so stringent, no number of texts forming so firm a chain, which she does not cut through like a straw with her single weapon of private judgment.

"Indeed that one principle,* as it has made all theology impossible to Protestants, so it renders all appeal to Scripture useless. All other inventions of the devil seem to me weak and poor in comparison with this. It so flatters and entertains the pride which is the substance of the natural man, that it dwells in his whole nature as in an impregnable citadel. Thus it makes every individual, the journeyman cobbler, the young girl, the woman who is unable to talk consecutively on any subject for

* Or rather want of principle. I may mention the following incident in connection with this word. My father was preaching one day at Portman Chapel, Baker Street, and used the expression, "bad principles." Sydney Smith, who was listening to the sermon, took him to task afterwards. "You should have said want of principle, no principle, not bad principle," was his comment. So St Augustine, "the evil will is a deficiency."

five minutes, the servant who can barely read, wiser than Bishops, Councils, Popes, the whole Church. There is no one of them but judges and condemns all these.

"About two months ago Fr. Ignatius (Spencer) came to tea with us. He talked with imperturbable serenity and charity. Just before he went away Mary Anne fixed her eyes upon him, and said with the utmost gravity, 'It is just within the verge of charity to hope that you may be Christians.' It was a scene not to be forgotten: on the one hand the elderly priest, member of a religious order; on the other, a slip-shod mind, without any standard of truth before it but its own ever-varying notions, pronouncing with the utmost confidence.

"I proposed to her not long ago this difficulty: that the New Testament could not be intended to set forth by itself the Christian religion to men, inasmuch as the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the foundation of all, was rather alluded to than taught, and I contrasted, in this respect, the baptismal formula and the Apostolic benediction with the Anglican Article on the subject. To my great surprise she fully allowed the objection, and answered it by saying that she did not think the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was *necessary*.

"I have heard her since say, from Whately, that *principles* only are given in the New Testament, but from this right premiss she draws the wrong conclusion, that they are to be developed by the *individual*, not by the Church.

"The result objected, that in that case no one Christian faith, or body of dogma, is possible, does not trouble her. She admits it, and does not think it a fatal objection. She is asked, If five different persons are at issue about five points which they all consider fundamental, or involving salvation, who is to determine which is right and which wrong;

or are they all equally in the way of salvation, holding to their own opinion? No answer, and not the least distressed by having none to give.

"But above all, the great difficulty in treating with her is one which seems to belong to all Protestants generically in the matter of religion, that there is no keeping them to one point at a time. If pressed they fly off in another direction, and if pursued there, to a third; so that in the space of five minutes as many subjects, each of the utmost importance, and without any particular connection with each other, suffer in turn this sort of Scythian raid upon them—*e.g.*, Dr. Spencer is plied by Mr. Innes with the objection that our Lord promised his perpetual presence to his Church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; which promise would be falsified if the Church had ever fallen into error, as all Protestants maintain she has. *Answer*—Where do you find anything about prayers for the dead in the Epistle to the Romans?"

In December, 1853, my father was at Yvetôt, where my brothers were at school under the vigilant and tender eye of Monsieur Labbé. My father thus writes to my mother on December 17:

"My dearest Wife,

"I have been thinking of you again and again to-day—I daresay if I were at home I should say little to you, with that sort of reserve which you tell me I am guilty of—but at any rate being absent it is a fit* day for me to tell you how much I love you, and how much I value you, and how happy you have made me, in spite of so many anxieties from other circumstances, in those thirteen years which God has permitted us to spend together. I am sure you don't know how dear you are to me, and probably never will in this life, as I am not given

* My mother's birthday.

to make professions, and am not likely to begin that after forty years of age. But you really have been, as much as anything human may be, or ought to be, the light and joy of my home during all these thirteen years. How much worse would all anxieties have been, had you not been there to lighten them!

"And now for a sketch of the last few days. I could hardly get away by five o'clock on Monday, and found to my consternation when I was already in the cab that I had your keys. What has been done without them I know not. . . . I reached the pier at Southampton, where I found the two Pollens, just in time. We started at eight, and had a fourteen hours' passage—but not boisterous. We were none of us sick or near it. At Havre I was just in time to rush off to the railway, leaving my bag and passport to be brought by the Pollens, so I reached here at twelve, and found the children all well, not the least expecting to see me.

"I was knocked up with a headache on Wednesday till the afternoon—change of diet, I suppose, and what with the hours taken up by conversation, walk, and meals, it is no easy matter to find time to write. Yesterday the Pollens and I went to Rouen. The Archbishop had a general ordination this morning, before which he confirmed Hungerford Pollen.* We were in the cathedral from eight to twelve o'clock. There were at least seventy-five persons ordained—priests, deacons, sub-deacons, and minor orders. It is a wonderful spectacle—the whole doctrine of the Church embodied in acts, and it made the greatest impression on H. Pollen. The candidates for the priesthood, diaconate, and sub-diaconate fell prostrate in an instant together at the beginning of the Litany of the Saints, being more than fifty in number, and covering the whole choir of the cathedral with their bodies. Then, again, the whole ceremony

* The late Sir Richard Hungerford Pollen.

of making priests is so unspeakably solemn, especially when, forming a semicircle in front of the Archbishop, they say the Canon of the Mass aloud with him. To anyone who has been familiar with Anglican ordinations, as I have been, and even presenting candidates again and again, the difference is so remarkable, that alone it would suffice to sweep away every vestige of belief in the sham, while it gives one the strongest possible sense of the reality, and of the unspeakable wickedness of those who maimed and dislocated such rites. We paid, however, a slight penalty for this, being almost perished with cold. We then dined with the Archbishop, who had to go through all this fasting. He was as usual very kind; asking particularly after you. I have just returned from Rouen, leaving the Pollens there till to-morrow. I have to settle this evening and to-morrow whether Edward stays here or not: it is a great perplexity. John Pollen goes on to Paris and Rome, but his brother returns Monday evening—and I probably with him—in which case I hope to be with you before dinner on Tuesday. J. P. wants me to go on with him to Paris, but I have not the spirits for it. . . . These people are full of kindness. They live a hard and self-denying life, and will have a high place in the kingdom of heaven. That is the only wisdom, if we could see it in time.

"Adieu, my dearest. Many kisses to the two Maries.* I thought Basil's remembrance of his sister very nice. Kind love to my mother and sister.

"Ever your most affectionate,

"T. W. A.

"Basil sends you twenty thousand kisses. Cyril can only think of thirty thousand—his invention not being very lively. Edward sends his love. It was too bad to be away to-day."

* Mary Helen Agnes, and Mary Frances.

In December, 1854, my father was summoned to Dublin to deliver a lecture in the Catholic University on the Philosophy of History. His Professorship in the University fell through for reasons which he thus expressed: "Spent five very pleasant days at Fr. Newman's Hall, 6, Harcourt Street. I saw more of him I think than I ever did before. The whole work of the nascent University rests upon him. If he were removed at present all would go to pieces. It is the weight of his personal character, which can support and baffle the difficulties perpetually impinging, which is of so much importance."

Subsequent events proved the correctness of my father's judgment. To him the University scheme was of immense benefit, as suggesting the theme of his great work on the "Formation of Christendom," which is in reality the "Philosophy of History" through eight centuries. He has perhaps never surpassed the depth and brilliancy of that opening chapter or lecture, as it was then called, for which the University supplied the motive. Two months later he writes of the year 1854, and of himself:

"*Feb.* 12, 1855.—I am this day forty-two years of age. The prevailing feeling with me at every birthday for some time past has been of regret that I was so old. I have been trying to get at the bottom of it, and I have little doubt that its root is my natural desire for distinction in literature, which led me to make that the ἔργον of life. If it be so, of course, I must feel that I have done little, and especially that most of my time before I became a Catholic was wasted. Of course, I have struggled against this feeling, and I doubt not that it is considerably mortified. I have been long trying to substitute the saving of my soul as the ἔργον of life. In that point of view the retrospect of life is less unsatisfactory.

"Taking the past year on the whole, I am inclined

to think it has been the happiest of my life. After the great shipwreck of my temporal fortunes, a little bay for present lingering has been formed. I have got moulded to the work of the Poor School Committee, and the engagement at Dublin has added a new and more intellectual interest to my life. If the Philosophy of History be not exactly the subject I should have chosen, it lends itself at least to the illustration of the Church and its ἔργον in the world, the one subject of predilection to my mind. Then my home and all its relations have been happy in the past year. The wearing anxiety of former years has been at least alleviated, even if circumstances still enjoined that constant mindfulness of the divine precept, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' was the only mode of enjoying tranquillity."

The pleasant house in North Bank saw two births. My dear sister Frances was born on September 28, 1853, and baptized the same day at our Lady's Church. She was Mary Frances, though always called Frances, as my father invariably put the name of Mary first.

The second birth was that of a little brother, my father's fifth son, early in 1855.

"On Sunday, February 4, 1855," he writes,* "at twenty minutes before 12 a.m., by the mercy of God, little Bernard Joseph was born. . . . At half-past two I took the little boy to be baptized, which was done by Mr. Macneal, and he had the names of Bernard Joseph given to him. My mother, I should say, asked me why I gave him the name of Joseph, having no relation of that name, and there being no saint so called.

"Her thoughts had never dwelt upon the 'husband of Mary,' and she seemed to hear of him for the first time. After pondering for a few minutes on the revelation, she observed, 'Well, I can't but

* MS., written in 1882.

say that he behaved very well under the circumstances!'"

My little brother sickened almost at once, and died on Wednesday, March 7. "I buried him," writes my father, "on Saturday, March 10, in the vaults of our Lady's Church, Grove Road. His little body was laid on the coffin of Miss Ellen Foxhall. He was baptized, he died, and was buried, at the same hour—half-past two. On the leaden and oaken coffin was placed the same inscription:

BERNARDUS JOSEPHUS ALLIES,
DULCISSIMUS PUERULUS,
POST MENSEM UNUM
CŒLICOLIS ADDITUS.
7^mo *Mart.* 1855.

It is a wonderful thought to have two children among God's elect: to know that their crown is certain: that they are in that chosen number to be among whom is the sole end of our life, the sole worthy object of our struggle. I bought lilies of the valley and snowdrops for him, and Eliza wove a crown of lilies which she put round his head. Yet still the thought of his pretty little face continually comes over me, wakening regret for his loss."

CHAPTER VII

1853

The Poor School Committee

MY father was formally elected secretary of the Poor School Committee in July, 1853. The Poor School Committee and "The Formation of Christendom" ran on parallel lines in his life, each representing a period of thirty years. The Poor School Committee was instituted by the Bishops in 1847 to meet the requirements of Catholic Primary Education, both before and after the restoration of the Hierarchy. At that time we were just emerging from the twilight of penal times into broad daylight. In 1853 it was still very dark: bricks and men had to be made. The Committee had struggled into being in the early winter morning, so to speak, and during twenty years, up to the Education Act of 1870, those pioneers of Catholic Primary Education fought with their raw material, and faced a Government hostile with the enmities of three hundred years. In 1883 something had been achieved: Catholic schools had been put on a footing with other denominational bodies, and drew support from their quondam enemy.

As secretary, my father rendered great services to the cause of education, because he insisted on being more than a mere machine *ad scribendas epistolas*. The very insistence makes me doubt whether he did not go beyond the *rôle* assigned to him. A less strong character might have done more ordinary work, taken things less seriously to heart,

and avoided personal conflicts. He had been for more than thirty years at his post when he wrote: "My dream of a mixed council of clergy and laity to represent the whole Catholic body in Primary Education turns out to be *σκίας ὄναρ*, from *want of men*," the writer being too much of a man. This, in my judgment, explains the situation, which was not always a bed of roses. At the time of the "Education Crisis Fund," 1870-73, Lord Petre (William Bernard), who was himself actively engaged in the work of education, wrote to him: "If ever a man deserved well of Catholics in this country, you are that man." He would not have been "that man" if he had not been a little more than an official secretary. The fruit of his labours may possibly be seen in the present Council of Education, which has succeeded the Poor School Committee, and is the realisation of his dream.

In after-years he described his work as "nine-tenths" the work of an ordinary clerk, "in the other tenth," he said, "there was 'something' to be done." He had done the "something" in forwarding the foundation of Training Colleges, and in promoting the work of ecclesiastical inspection, which was inaugurated in 1875.

In March, 1855, the Poor School Committee sent their secretary to Namur, to lay the needs of Catholic Elementary Education in England before the Mother-General of *Notre Dame*, the Congregation founded by Blessed Julie Billiart. "Her answer gave to England the Liverpool Training College,"* and also Sister Mary of St Philip Lescher. It was she who made Mount Pleasant, and my father became her lifelong friend.

For thirty-five years he stood by the College, watching it from infancy into its robust working life. He also witnessed the foundation in 1874 of

* *The History of the Training College of Notre Dame*, 1885.

the second Training College for women, that of the Sacred Heart, at Wandsworth, which has since been transferred to St Charles' Square, Bayswater. Last, but not least, he showed unflagging interest in the Training College for men at Hammersmith. These three houses represented to him a lifelong devotion of the intellect to God. He never cared for work in which the mind has no part. I am quite sure that in his Republic, "knowledge espoused to charity" would have been a qualification for citizenship.

Knowledge espoused to charity is the thought running through the following notes of addresses delivered to students at the Training Colleges. They were to learn in order to impart to others the treasure which they had received:

"The proper conditions of acquiring knowledge—

"(*a*) Not as a miser to keep to oneself.

"(*b*) Not as a fine lady to exhibit as diamonds.

"(*c*) Not as Eve was tempted, out of natural curiosity.

"(*d*) But as the highest form of charity, to communicate knowledge, especially knowledge of the faith, to others; for all is deduced from the House of Nazareth, the Crib of Bethlehem, and the Cross of Calvary."

Again, under "Notes for Speech," now thirty years ago, I find the following heads:

"1. Contrast of the present with the past. A time in my remembrance when there were no *Training Colleges*, no *trained teachers*, no *unity*, and no co-operation in the teachers.

"2. The teacher has to deal with two *powers*, the Manager, and the Government: and two *subjects*, religious and secular instruction. Work in regard of the Manager efficient *secular* instruction —the school depends on it. Efficient *religious* instruction—the school now its proper place.

"3. Work in regard of the Government. Rigid honesty. The State to be dealt with as a *person*. Great benefit derived from the co-operation of the two powers.

"4. *Provident habits*. Conclusion. Duty to pupil-teachers. To repay to them the care they have themselves received. They are grafted into the great line of teaching. They are not *separate units*, but incorporated."

Again, "The acquisition of human knowledge to be blessed by its being made the instrument for imparting divine knowledge.

"1. Feeling inspired by a Catholic Training School. The vast variety of human arts and sciences. Realm of minerals—plants—animals—man—language—grammar—history. Measure of the earth—stars—universe.

"2. The power, wisdom, and goodness of God in all these, mantled over with his beauty.

"3. The purpose for which all these are studied in a Catholic Training School—

"Their employment for an *end*.

"An act of charity superior in the sight of God to any amount of knowledge.

"The expression of the Training School.

"Knowledge espoused to charity.

"The work of education, that to which all this acquisition of knowledge is directed, and the main part of that is instructing in religion.

"Their lives will be blessed, and their work fruitful, in proportion as they bear in mind that all knowledge is to be acquired *for the action of charity*.

"1. Knowledge not to be kept as a miser hoards his money.

"2. Not to be exhibited as a token of excellency, which is a most dangerous form of pride, but to be used for the improvement of others, and the highest

form of charity is imparting the knowledge of the true faith to those under our care.

" A perfect act of knowledge, espoused to charity —a teaching sister who submits to give a lesson before her Majesty's Inspectors.

" 3. Not to be pursued out of curiosity and restlessness of mind. Eve's original fault."

His constant intercourse with Training Colleges brought very clearly before him all that the State, our quondam enemy, was doing for our schools. This, I think, explains the strong inward impulse which moved him one day to write to the Pope. The letter is headed: " Report upon the Actual State and Prospects of Catholic Primary Education, sent in a registered letter, April 16, 1883, *alla Santità di Nostro Signore Papa Leone XIII al Vaticano, Roma.*" It is a document of great interest and technical information.

He wanted to tell the Pope that the British Government was becoming his friend, that Training Colleges and Ecclesiastical Inspection were catholicising primary schools. Of course, it is impossible to say whether the letter was ever read by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Thirteen years had passed since the Education Act of 1870, which had inaugurated an era of change in elementary schools. The panic it created amongst Catholics was extreme, whilst it also called forth magnificent efforts. The Education Crisis Fund was a temporary measure of the utmost expediency (1870-73), to which my father gave his services as honorary secretary. It raised a fund of £50,000, which was in great part contributed by members of the Poor School Committee, with the result that the " crisis " was met, and that the cause of Catholic elementary education lived and did well. Up to 1874 the Training College of Notre Dame, Liverpool, was alone in the field for the training of women,

and consequently on it fell all the stress of providing certificated teachers to meet the requirements of the Act. The legislation of 1870 looks almost friendly as seen in the retrospect and compared with what now threatens us. It may be that the possibility of an illiberal Bill is a logical evolving of the liberal and tolerant British Constitution; what Cardinal Newman might have called "a proper development."

It will be seen that the Training Colleges and Ecclesiastical Inspection offered a wide field for a secretary of my father's calibre. I was fortunate enough to act as *his* secretary for eighteen years, doing for him the mere clerk's work, which would have so palled on him by robbing him of what he was ever most jealous—his working day.

My father could also speak with authority of higher education as it affected Englishmen generally and Catholics in particular. In the seventies, we were not far removed from the disabilities of penal times, and could ill compete with those over whom the University roller had passed. I consider that his opinion on the subject has a present interest, and that, delivered in 1872, it has been fully borne out by the course of subsequent development.

"The question put to me,* whether I think that there is at present deficient provision for the *general* liberal education (University education or an equivalent, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two) of young Catholic laymen of the higher classes in England, absolutely requires for an answer a statement of the position of non-Catholic laymen in Great Britain and Ireland. Before entering on this subject I wish to eliminate, so far as I am concerned, one alternative in the question by saying that I am unable to conceive of any *equivalent* for a University education between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two.

* By a Conference of Bishops in November, 1872

" The position, then, of English and Irish laymen of the higher classes, who are not Catholic, is this. An education carried on in a large number of public and private schools, some of them with great foundations and princely endowments coming down from Catholic benefactors, and others of late growth rivalling these in the number of their scholars and the efficiency of their teachers, is crowned for all those who choose to avail themselves of such an advantage by residence, from about the age of eighteen to that of twenty-two, at one of two world-famed universities. Both of these run through the whole history of England from the earliest mediæval times to our own. Since *la luce eterna* of St Thomas *sillogizzò invidiosi veri* in the schools of Paris—that is, during the whole culture time of modern Europe—Oxford and Cambridge have been stars in the crown of England. Only think of the power of attraction exercised by them over the thoughts of boys at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, or again at Marlborough, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Malvern, and every grammar school throughout the country. There is nothing else like it in the whole world, for the peculiarity of these universities is, in my opinion, this—that they receive into their bosom in one volume the undivided intellectual youth and strength of a great nation. The ancient noble universities of France, and especially that of Paris, the Queen of all, are extinct. Their name is usurped by a wretched creature of Napoleonic despotism which aims to lead captive for the purposes of an encroaching State the whole mind of the country, as the parallel institution of universal suffrage is meant to reduce its will to a perpetual choice between tyranny and anarchy. Germany and Italy and the United States have many universities; but beside that they have not, or have but partially, the domestic discipline of collegiate residence, they

draw from part only of their respective countries. They are not fed from sources so abundant as the schools of England. It is not too much to say that the power to encourage study, and to draw forth latent ability, in every public and private school non-Catholic in England, is affected by the existence of these two universities. And this is a power which the changes of the last few years will greatly increase. All local restrictions for college foundations are being done away with. Middle education is being connected with the university. Modern history, modern languages, and law are being taken into the curriculum. If the Olympic Games of England, permanently seated at Oxford and Cambridge, have been famous in past times, they are likely to be more famous in the future. I remember when the waters of Eton were torpid. They have been stirring enough since, and the flood is in movement everywhere. And everywhere it finds its outlet in Oxford and Cambridge, and, meeting there in a confined space, is the more powerful from its confinement. Beside and apart from the particular studies taught there, young men in the transition state from boyhood to manhood learn to measure themselves with those of their own condition out of the whole growth of England at the moment: and in doing so they insensibly form a due estimate of their own powers by comparison with others on a large scale. Such a process tends at once to humility and self-possession. The attrition of society in Oxford and Cambridge gives to the youth of from eighteen to twenty-two the beginning of a certain quality which seems hitherto almost peculiar to Englishmen, and which is completed in the practical school of the House of Commons—that measured moderation of self-respect and respect for others for the want of which French oppositions fly at each other's throats; and that practical tenacity of purpose for want of which

Germany hitherto has never been fused into one nation.

"I view the particular studies pursued at the two universities as quite subordinate in value to the sources of power just indicated—the drawing into one head the youth of England; the touching, as with an electric wire, all public and private places of education throughout the country—the offering to so many of the middle classes the prizes of learned leisure to be gained on the noblest arena. I believe, moreover, that the instruction given at these two universities, though very different the one from the other, has proved, and is proving, most effective in preparing Englishmen for those various paths of active life into which they may afterwards enter. It is good—or at least has hitherto been good—not so much to produce *Fachmänner*, as to strengthen, enlarge, consolidate, and exercise the mind itself for subsequent work, whether in the learned professions or the political life. But considering how few youths there are who love study for its own sake, and how many the allurements of youth to waste time, I would dwell on the fact how powerful an incentive to the acquisition of knowledge is the sense of being on a field wherein all England, so to say, competes for mastery. The lustre of distinction in such a combat lends an additional force to whatever may be the intrinsic value of the instruction. I think my experience of more than twenty years in the Catholic Church has suggested to me that many Catholic natures need this stimulus, and that a philosopher's class of ten or twenty is not so potent an awakener of mind as a legion of fifteen hundred from a world-wide empire.

"Now from all that I have said as yet the children of the Catholic nobility, gentry, and professional classes are excluded. It will be seen that I do not attempt to compare the manner in which particular

studies are carried on in Catholic or non-Catholic schools. I do not touch the question whether the classical languages, the mathematical sciences, history, modern languages, philosophy, are taught with as much efficiency at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Oscott, etc., as at Winchester, Eton, Rugby, etc., but supposing us to be equal, or, if it be preferred, superior in this respect, I take another standpoint, from which there is not so much for Catholics, deficient provision for the general 'liberal education,' as no provision at all. For, (1) I consider that the whole superior education of a country is ruled by the existence of university education at its head, and the faculty of enjoying residence there. And from the special circumstances noted above I consider that in the case of English society the collateral advantages comprehended in this are greater than anywhere else in the world. Now here there is not 'deficient provision,' but total exclusion on the part of Catholics. (2) While on the one hand there are at least 500 fellowships or professorships to be obtained as the reward of learning begun and for the further cultivation of learning in after life, I do not know of a single endowment for such a purpose in the Catholic body in Great Britain. (3) I remark that while the payment of teachers is even profusely liberal among those classes who terminate their studies at Oxford and Cambridge, the payment of teachers among us is utterly inadequate. No married man, for instance, would take to it voluntarily for support, or cling to it save as to a plank after a shipwreck. Indeed, as England is pre-eminently a country where the price paid indicates the value assigned to the article, it might be inferred from the remuneration paid to teachers that the one thing in the Catholic body in England which is viewed as leading to nothing, and therefore worth nothing, is learning and culture.

(4) I note the practice of employing priests as teachers for a short period before they enter on the work of active ministry, so that their occupation as teachers does not appear as the great work of their life, and as soon as practice has given them a certain value they are taken away, and give place to the like successors. Of such a state of things as that noted under (3), etc., it is enough to say that a similar state in any non-Catholic college or school would insure the inefficiency of the teachers employed.

"I do not see how a central board of examiners for Catholics more or less on the model of the University of London would meet the disadvantages I have indicated above. I consider the value of a university to consist in the effect produced on the mind by a residence in it. The London University is a misnomer altogether. King's College, on the other hand, so far as it goes, is a reality, and the bringing up Catholics to compete periodically with 'Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics,' is again a reality, and a very ugly one, so far as it goes, but deserves as little to be called a university as the thing in France so called, though for different reasons. The establishment of prizes for competition open to all our Catholic colleges would certainly be a step in the right direction. As 'for the foundation of one or more separate houses of higher study, such as might form the nucleus of a future Catholic university,' I take the value of the suggestion to lie in the probability of the nucleus developing, and this to my mind is simply *nil*. It is about the most difficult thing in the world to make a university *walk*. It is clear that the baby can be produced, but to get it out of swaddling clothes and firm on its legs seems beyond our power. We have not a population sufficient for it. We have enough to make a good college at an existing university, but not enough to make anything by itself and of ourselves

worthy of that great name. And such things as the Board of Examiners at Burlington Gardens, by the side of Oxford and Cambridge, would only be pitiable exhibitions, and by no means do credit to the great Mother of universities in mediæval times. I believe that no human inducement would be strong enough to lead English Catholics of birth and position to send their sons to an Irish university with the chance of bringing back the brogue. Now our numbers in Great Britain, especially if we deduct that portion of the Irish element which is not in want of the higher education, are far too limited to people a university. For these reasons I consider the notion of an English Catholic University to be like a comet of very irregular orbit. When people get impatient under the feeling that they can do nothing with their children during the three years of opening manhood, and suffer under the substitution of mere negation for action, something must be done, and the comet suddenly appears in perihelion. When the feeling has exhaled itself in talk, the comet disappears in aphelion. After watching these alternate phases and effacements for more than twenty years, I have come to the conclusion that a separate university for English Catholics is a mere phantom of cloud cuckoo land.

"Nor can I profess to be satisfied with 'an attempt to obtain admission, without residence, to the degree examinations of Oxford and Cambridge on terms to which Catholics could agree.' I think this might do good, like the institution of common prizes. Anything which would draw us together, and organise us, tends to good. But the evil lies deeper than these remedies.

"I consider from testimony borne in to me by almost every person of intelligence with whom I am in intercourse, that Catholic youth on their entrance into manhood betray a certain apathy and

listlessness in comparison with non-Catholic youths of corresponding position. I account for this by what I have already said. Of course it follows that no adequate remedy can be applied, save by giving to education its proper crown and completion. Catholics were in prison for nearly three hundred years. We were let out in 1829, but after more than forty years we still wear the prison dress. Have we discarded the prison spirit? Are we not still outside of English life? In the meantime, during these forty years a continual progress of dissolution has been going on in the system of exclusion founded by the Tudors for the behoof of their national establishment. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were its last strongholds, and they were definitely surrendered last year. The National Church itself, the Church of the Thirty-nine Articles, is simply going to pieces. She gives up the principle of dogma itself, and society, outside the Catholic Church, has here in England, as elsewhere, no polar star, but is without a rudder and drifting into endless currents. English legislation itself has swept away every barrier to the establishment of a Catholic College at Oxford or Cambridge. It is absolutely beyond our power to found a university, because, besides other difficulties into which it is needless to go, we have not a supply of students to fill one. We have enough for a good strong college, but no more. I do not mean to suggest any concession to the plan of mixed education. What presents itself to my mind is a Catholic College, as a complete whole, teaching the entire range of university instruction within its own walls, under exclusively Catholic tutors and rulers, so that the students should never look upon any but those of their own faith as instructors. If it be objected that they must submit to the choice of studies imposed by the university, as well as to the examina-

tion for degrees, I should reply that both these difficulties already exist in the case of those who attend the degree examinations of the London University. Moreover, there is reason to believe that neither in theology nor in mental and moral philosophy would any studies be required which would be dangerous to the Faith. It is stated that there is a strong desire to treat us with fairness, accompanied by the wish that all should be represented at Oxford.

"If we have been hitherto *outside* of English life, can we not get *inside* it? Is the Mother of all living not to be represented where every miserable abortion of private judgment may henceforth raise its head? We alone have theology and a consistent mental and moral philosophy. Can we not go into one of the great centres of English life, amid structures yet bearing the names of Chicheley, Wolsey, Wykeham, and Waynflete, and keep our own? Can we not maintain Dogma, Theology, and Science where we shall be seen, known, and listened to? Two things are of supreme importance: one, to disconnect the imputation at least, if not the reality, of inferiority and listlessness from Catholics; the other, to bring before the youth of England a true and living picture of Catholic faith, teaching, and conduct. On the one hand, I believe that the thing wanted to give new life to Catholic education is to bring its students into competition on the same arena with the great mass of the nation. I feel the greatest respect for those who have founded—in the midst of penury and difficulties of every kind—the chief seats of Catholic education, and next, for those who maintain them by unwearied personal self-sacrifice as teachers. I cannot but think that the one thing such teachers want is the infusion in their pupils of that spirit and life which would be produced by the highest form of national education.

At present these look forward to nothing beyond their own school. There is no adequate object presented to the Catholic youth for the attainment of which he should give himself to patient study. Without a proper university course, of which residence in a university, which carries the life of a nation in its bosom, is the most special part, Catholics will remain, as I invariably hear them estimated to be, inferior in culture to those who are not Catholic. I have never met with an individual Catholic—priest or layman—who did not think and feel that the English Catholics in the matter of education were far inferior to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Now, much as I reprobate the thought of individual Catholic students entering Protestant colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, I do not see how the mere prohibition of such a course will tend to improve our education, to satisfy the needs felt, and rightly and reasonably felt, or to still the discontent which unhappily is rankling in many minds. But the continuance of our present inferiority tends to encourage even in the minds of Catholics what is a proverb with Protestants—the notion that the profession of the only true faith impedes and hampers the cultivation of the intellect; makes men ignorant and slothful.

"Weighing the opinions, political, scientific, social, and moral, now in conflict through the world, I think that few things could be more injurious to the formation of a conscientious, orthodox, religious, devout and pure laity than the prevalence of this notion, and certainly few things more prejudicial to the action of the Church on those outside her pale.

"For this is the second aspect under which we ought to view the foundation of a Catholic College in the centre of national life. If she who is alone seated on the Rock were to appear amid these shifting sand-banks, might we not draw to us many

minds which are now without rest? Might we not show that we can not only hold our own, but that science, logic, and intellect are on the side of the Catholic Church, as well as the divine body of truth which she alone can present in its entireness? Those who can be ignored at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and Oscott would have to be counted with at Oxford or Cambridge. And the appearance on that soil of a college with teaching power equal to any, would finally banish from the minds of the youth of England that caricature of Catholic teaching, temper, and manners which more than any other thing impedes the conversion of noble minds seeking for the truth, and would substitute for it a living standard of Catholic worship, faith, and practice, which in the shipwreck of all definite and dogmatic belief on the Protestant side, would act with a gentle power of attraction on natures yearning after what we possess, but taught to disbelieve our possession of it."

These words, uttered in 1872, were surely prophetic.

CHAPTER VIII

"The Formation of Christendom"

IT was Dr. Newman, always *Father* Newman to my father, who first directed his attention to the *Philosophy of History*, which led to his work on *The Formation of Christendom*. In March, 1855, at the time of little Bernard Joseph's death, my father accepted the Professorship of Modern History at the Catholic University of Ireland. The chair failed, as I have said; the book lived on. If he had, on the one hand, the "mere work of sawing and planing in his workshop at John Street, Adelphi," he had, on the other hand, food for his keen intellect in depicting the life of the Church over against the powers of the world. No one could undertake the task who was not deeply versed in heathen lore and philosophy. No one knew better than my father how far unaided human reason can reach. In drinking deeply of heathen fountains, he was himself bitten with the Homeric ambition of excelling. He makes the confession over and over again in the pages of his *Journal*.

He gave himself the one relaxation of foreign travel during the summer. From Switzerland he wrote in the summer of 1875: "I have been led to think in this journey about my past and present life. The strongest feeling has been of how many follies, errors, and miseries in my past life—the desire of *genius* rather than of *sanctity*—has been to me the cause. I used to think the text, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' an

inconceivable folly; but surely it is a part of that very folly to mistake the relative value of things. Thus the desire of seeing God, and in him all light as well as all good, has been through all the first part of my life feeble and nerveless in comparison with the intensity with which I desired one of his gifts, brilliant and intellectual, it is true, but still of the natural order. Even now, though I see through this folly, and recognise that the only value of the creature is that which he is in the eyes of the Creator, and that this value consists entirely in what he is as a moral agent, yet still sanctity does not draw me as the love of genius did. This is deadened in me; but *that* has hardly taken its place. Still I think on the whole, the tendency of my seven years as a Catholic has been this way. The discipline I have received has been ruled to that result. The work I have to do inculcates that lesson. Occupations which were very painful to me have become less so, and even are placidly acquiesced in as God's will.

"How hard it is to advance a step in sanctity—to act upon supernatural motives—to live above the world, and simply in the presence of God! The dead men of genius, ruined by the misuse of that which in them was most brilliant, lie around us on all sides. What more horrible to think of than the doom of a Goethe! For such a man to have lost '*il ben dell' intelletto*,' which on earth he made his idol. How infinitely greater to lie at the feet of the least of the saints in Paradise than to have the greatest name on earth. But what if that great name resounds on earth, while the lost spirit is in hell? Give me grace to sweep my heart clear of idols, O Lord, that thou alone may enter in and reign."

Again, on January 1, 1860, the *Journal* speaks in the same strain: "I am striving daily to feel more entirely that I am *in via* tending *in patriam*. The

feeling which I find it most difficult to master is that life has slipped from me unawares, with so little accomplished. But all the past year my prayer has been incessant that the love of God may destroy in me the last fibres of the root of self-love and of vainglory. What is life but the time wherein we are to learn to love God? How far have I advanced in this? What vanity of vanities is all other learning! Oh, that I could look at my life and shape it, as I shall look at it and desire to have shaped it, with the immediate prospect of death before me. Why is this so wonderfully difficult? . . .

"It is almost ten years since, in February, 1850, the conviction that the civil power in England had at the Reformation taken the place of the Pope came upon me suddenly, and was the means of delivering me out of the Anglican heresy. Why did I not see this in 1845? It lay upon the very surface, and I was seeking in good faith.

"The visit abroad in August, 1855, was the first recoil from that state of despondence into which the temporal consequences of becoming a Catholic threw me. I now feel, perhaps, as completely calm as if I had never gone through years so terrible as those from 1840 to 1850. So clear is the vision of Catholic truth to me that I wonder without ceasing at my own former blindness, and at the actual blindness of others. To me it is as evident either that Catholicism is true, or that Christianity is false, as that two and two make four. How can people believe that Christianity is true and Catholicism false? Such people as my sister are a moral portent to me. I understand well enough Thackeray's phrase, 'A man must either be a Roman or a Babylonian; I am a Babylonian.' What I do not understand is one who professes to believe in the mission of our Lord, and even in his divine Person, and discards all notion of a Church."

All the great steps of my father's life were taken after mature thought, sometimes extending over years. "If Tom does not make haste, I shall go first," my mother had said before his conversion and her own. He weighed the smallest step by the light of reason and conscience. The lecture given in 1855 did not bear all its fruits until it became the first chapter in *The Formation of Christendom*. In August, 1858, he met Döllinger at Aldenham, and was encouraged by both the German and English historian to proceed in his labours. Fr. Faber, whom he had consulted, somewhat discouraged him.

"I have since then" (he writes in 1860) "been engaged in forming a view on mediæval and modern history. This may all be said to group itself about the position, political, moral, and social, of the Church towards the State in mediæval and modern times. I am inclined to think that this subject will occupy me all my life. The great object which above all others interests my mind is the Church of God. Ultimately I should like to illustrate the position of the Church in the period since 1300, what Donoso Cortes calls '*le morcellement et le fractionnement de la république chrétienne*.' This subject grows up more and more distinct before me as I think and read. The introduction to it will be the lectures on the Balance of Power.

"I have felt for several years past a discouragement as if I was not doing that which I had the means of doing. I hope I am not tempted by any desire of vainglory. I know how subtle this desire is, and how difficult to eradicate. I should like to contribute my stone to that glorious temple of God which he is building up in time amid the perversity of men. There is the living stone of my own soul for the living temple. There is likewise the intellectual structure, in which I would desire to place my stone, λίθον νοητὸν . . .

"I have in the last sixteen months found Leo, Cantù, Donoso Cortes, Dandolo of main service. Cortes is quite of first-rate excellence, and gives one principles, which is so rare. Cantù is honest and upright, Dandolo of slighter texture, but genial. Leo wonderfully exempt from Protestant prejudice. . . . I have just been over the plan of the *De Civitate Dei*, reading parts. Undoubtedly it is the first philosophy of history, and as yet both unsurpassed and unequalled, for I find it deeper and broader than Bossuet's *Discours*. I have found nothing so like a key to history as the following, *De Civitate Dei*, 14, 26: 'Verumtamen Omnipotenti Deo summo ac summe bono Creatori omnium naturarum, voluntatum autem bonarum Adjutori et Remuneratori, malarum autem Relictori et Damnatori, utrarumque Ordinatori, non defuit utique consilium, quo certum numerum civium in sua sapientia prædestinatum etiam ex damnato genere humano suæ civitatis impleret: non eos jam meritis, quando quidem immensa massa tanquam in vitiata radice damnata est, sed gratia discernens; et liberatis non solum de ipsis verum etiam de non liberatis quid eis largiatur ostendens,' and hence to the end of the 28th chapter, containing the admirable picture of the two cities. For, instead of God the Remunerator, carefully distinguishing between the good and the bad will, as here set forth, almost all authors go on a secret theory 'of the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' and it would be hard to find a more continuous and multitudinous contradiction than that which the course of the world since the Fall offers to this theory.

"*Feb.* 12, 1860.—I have now had before me four different intellectual objects.

"*First*, a treatise on the Church, grounded perhaps on Fr. Passaglia, but likewise on any other treatise which may set forth the idea lost by Protestants.

"*Second*, a treatise partaking of Bossuet's exposition and Liebnitz' *Systema Theologicum*, but according to the needs of 1860, not 1690.

"*Third*, lectures on the Balance of Power, which at present I think will consist of two parts, the first setting forth the Church as the Mother of nations, 800-1300; the second the gradual breaking up of her political power and ascendancy until the upshot comes to the present Balance of Power—*i.e.*, force and fear keeping heathendom at bay.

"This work may serve as an introduction to the whole position and work of the Church in modern times, which has hovered before me for years, and seems now to assume more distinct form and substance.

"If I can do anything for the glory of God in these matters, may he enable and direct me."

I may place just at this time some letters which passed between my father and *his* Father Newman as leading up to *The Formation of Christendom*. Dr. Newman's first letter of November 22, 1860, presents his view of Catholic civilisation, which in his mind did not alter the tremendous words of the Apostle, "*Totus mundus in maligno positus est.*" The impression these several letters conveyed to my father lasted as long as his life.

"The Oratory, Birmingham,
"*Nov.* 22, 1860.

"My dear Allies,

"I have been finishing some work which has thrown my letters greatly in arrears, and besides, your letter is an important one. Your book, as sketched in it, will be full of interest and instruction, and I certainly desire you to proceed with it.

"At the same time, I hesitate in accepting your theory, though I don't think it necessary to your book. In so difficult a subject, obviously, all that

I shall say will be unfeignedly meant as questions, not objections.

"I do not see my way to hold that 'Catholic civilisation,' as you describe it, is *in fact* (I do not say in the abstract), but in fact, has been, or shall be, or can be, a good, or *per se* desirable. And in that saying I daresay I have not expressed myself with that exactness which precludes criticism upon me, but, I repeat, you must consider me, as I am, investigatory.

"You say 'Catholic civilisation . . . was the ideal which the Church aimed at in the Middle Ages, and which she worked into the laws, manners, institutions, public policy, or public opinion of Europe.'

"Now that it is the tendency of Christianity to impress itself on the face of society, I grant: but so, in like manner, it is the tendency of devotion to increase Church lands and property, and to multiply religious houses; but as the state of the recipient (*i.e.*, a given population *hic et nunc*) may hinder the latter tendency from working well (*e.g.*, may lead to secularity and corruption in the clergy), so may certain peculiarities in this or that age or place interfere with the beneficial effect of the former, —that is, it is not necessarily a good.

"1. St John says, '*Mundus totus in maligno positus est.*' Is this the declaration of an ever-enduring fact? I think it is. If so, the world, though stamped with Christian civilisation, still '*in maligno positus est.*' While, then, I fully acknowledge the homage thus paid to Christianity, why should I think much of what is the kind of homage, and little more, which Achab, when he put on sackcloth, paid to the prophet?

"2. Again, the world is one of our three deadly enemies. Did it cease to be so in the Middle Age? If so, I grant that the mediæval type of society is,

in fact, preferable to the previous and the later. Else, I do not see that that state was more than the shadow of Christianity visible from the accidental character of a certain stage of human affairs.

"3. Again, during the Middle Ages Rome is spoken of, not only as the world, but even as Babylon. How strong is St Thomas of Canterbury upon it! How the saints are used to look upon the Pontifical Court as in fact almost a road to perdition! Consider St Philip's title of the Apostle of Rome, and that the correlation to Apostle is a state of heathenism. St Bernard, I think, speaks as if a man could scarcely be saved who did not enter the cloister. Surely Christian society was the world, and nothing short of it.

"4. Again, the noblest aspect of man is not the social, but the intellectual. In the Middle Ages Christianity has impressed its image on the social framework. It never has been able to do so on literature and science. As to the *Middle Ages*, the *prima facie* judgment passed on a philosopher was that he was in league with the evil powers. And no one doubts that both in *primitive* and in modern times the intellect of the world has been untamed. If, then, Christianity has not compelled the *intellect* of the world, viewed in the mass, to confess Christ, why insist as a great gain on its having compelled the *social* framework of the world to confess him? If it was part of a divine scheme that Christianity should subdue, first the individual, then the family, then the framework of society, etc., why was the subjection of Literature and Science omitted in the progressive series of triumphs?

"5. Lastly, since the object of Christianity is to save souls, I ask, Have we any reason to suppose that more souls were saved (relatively to the number of Christians) under the Christian Theocracy than under the Roman Emperors, or under the English

Georges? There are no means, of course, of proving the point either way; but are we prepared in *matter of fact* to hold the affirmative? If not, *cui bono* the mediæval system?

"The conclusion I am disposed to acquiesce in is this: that certain ages—*i.e.*, the ages of barbarism—are more susceptible of religious impressions than other ages; and call for, need, the visible rule of Religion; that, as every animal knows its own wants, and distinguishes by instinct between food and poison, so a ruder people asks for a strong form of religion, armed with temporal sanctions, and it is good for it; whereas other ages reject it, and it would be bad for them. Mortara's case would have excited as much admiration six centuries ago as it rouses indignation now; and, in matter of fact, it was a good thing for men thus to be compelled to be Christians, and a bad thing for them now. I don't say that it made *more* true Christians, but it was the way by which Christians, were they more or fewer, were to be made. A mediæval system now would but foster the worst hypocrisy—not because this age is worse than that, but because imagination acts more powerfully upon barbarians, and reason on traders, *savants*, and newspaper readers.

"I have not said a word to deny the abstract duty of using force, etc., any more than I deny the merit of leaving lands to the Church and founding monasteries; but Prudence looks to the expedient.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*P.S.*—Let me at your leisure have an answer to this."

Nov. 29, 1860.

"MY DEAR FR. NEWMAN,

"I feel exceedingly obliged to you for answering my letter, and for setting before me the difficulties which occur to you.

"I have read your letter again and again, and pondered over it, but I remain in doubt whether I have grasped the view which you meant to convey, especially in its positive part. It is as when I read the Epistle of St John, to which you refer. I see *a* meaning, but am not sure that it is the meaning which the Apostle meant to convey, still less that it is *all* his meaning. If, therefore, I do not answer to the point, you must take it as an unintentional mistake, not a voluntary substitution of some other meaning for yours.

"You do not, then, see your way to hold that Catholic civilisation, as I describe it, is, *in fact*, has been, or shall be, or can be, a good, or *per se* desirable.

"I suppose I mean by Catholic civilisation the founding natural society on the principle of the supernatural end of man; measuring the world by the Cross, and planting the Cross upon it.

"Now I entirely admit that '*mundus totus in maligno positus est*' is the declaration of an ever-enduring fact. But is there any incompatibility between this fact and the Catholic civilisation as defined above?

"*E.g.*, take marriage as the basis of natural society, and sovereignty as its crown. The Church consecrates both. She treats the relation between husband and wife as the image of the relation between Christ and the faithful soul or the aggregate of faithful souls. And she treats the head of the earthly State as the image of the King of kings. Now surely Christian marriage is an immense gain to Catholic nations as distinguished from Protestant or heathen populations; and Christian monarchy an immense gain to those who possess it as contrasted with the 'Kings of the Gentiles.' Yet both this marriage and this monarchy form part of that *mundus totus* which all the while *in maligno positus est.*

Corn. à Lap. gives four interpretations to this sentence, which come nearly to the same thing: I take one. '*Totus mundus positus est in maligno, id est, in malitia et concupiscentia quæ sollicitat ad omne scelus.*' The Christian husband and the Christian monarch have all day long the three great enemies assailing them. One comes out a St Louis, and the other a Louis XV. A *Rex Christianissimus* may live like Tiberius at Capri, which is enough to prove that for him, too, '*totus mundus in maligno positus est*'; but is the Most Christian monarchy therefore no gain upon Cæsarism or Napoleonism? You say, why should I think much of what is the same kind of homage, and little more, which Achab, when he put on sackcloth, paid to the prophet? I acknowledge that Achab in sackcloth is a most fit image, *e.g.*, of Frederic Barbarossa leading Alexander the Third's mule into Venice. But has not Solomon, pronouncing his prayer of consecration in the temple, his value and his antitype? Is St Louis walking in dalmatic behind the blessed Sacrament through the streets of Paris no improvement on Clovis? This was the Church's work of civilisation, and if St Louis' grandson renewed at Anagni '*l'aceto e il file*,' it was proof enough that still '*mundus totus in maligno positus est.*' Must you not give a somewhat Manichæan meaning to the text in order to make it tell? For instance, '*mundus totus malus est*' might have this force. Now does not this line of thought completely meet your No. 1 and 2? And so as to No. 3, strange and startling as the facts are, it is no reflection on the *bonitas* of the *optimum*, because '*corruptio optimi est pessima.*' These dangers were inherent in the spiritual authority itself. It was to Peter our Lord said, just after describing his office, *But and if that servant shall say in his heart*, etc.

"So, again, as to No. 5, if the mediæval system

did not save more souls in proportion than were saved under the Roman Emperors or the English Georges, surely the fault lay not in that system, but in the overmastering inroad of unsubdued barbarism, or the force of the three concupiscences, which remain in full action under any system. But what would the same times have been *without* the mediæval system?

"The only point on which I feel inclined to question your *facts*, as distinguished from their interpretation, is in No. 4. 'No one doubts that both in primitive and in modern times the intellect of the world has been untamed.' Yes, so far as each individual man has possessed a *liberum arbitrium* of accepting or rejecting the truth. Literature and Science, viewed in themselves, are no more obliged—that is, necessitated—to yield to Christianity than a Christian husband or monarch is necessitated to live according to those relations. But, taking the whole period of its existence, Christianity has captivated to its sway as many minds of every degree and order of excellence as have refused to own it. In Literature, especially, its conquests have been so great that even its enemies, in spite of themselves, are half Christian. While attacking Christian dogma, they have appropriated Christian morality: *e.g.*, compare Voltaire with Plato. The Greek heathen will advocate the community of women; the Christian apostate, as impure a mind as can be found, has before him an ideal of moral goodness which he accepts, or pays homage to, at least, in spite of himself.

"But where will the difficulties of No. 1, 2, 3, and 5 carry you to? Will you stop short of a Church of the Catacombs? Already in the time of Pope Damasus, the Prefect of the City offered to be a Christian for the sake of the temporal grandeur which attached to the papal office. St Gregory

viewed the spiritual functions of the Papacy as a great obstacle to his sanctification: as tossing him back into the flood of the world. Nay, does not St Paul already cry out against the burden 'of the care of all the churches'?

"I wish you would enable me to take a firmer grasp of your positive view. I am in doubt as to it at present, but it seems to me that the result of your letter would be a restriction to St Augustine's position of a *Civitas Dei* and a *Civitas Diaboli*, and that all beyond this may be tenable or desirable, *hic et nunc*, but not *per se*.

"Now is it not against this that the Church has shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her mediæval position? Has she not stuck, as it were, tooth and nail to that consecration of the *mundus*, that taking possession of it with the Cross, which I have called a Catholic civilisation? I see to-day that *The Times* advocates the loss of temporal power as in itself desirable for the Pope. No more sagacious exponent, I suppose, of the heretical mind can be found than in *The Times*. Its whole system consists in the desecration of the *mundus*. On the other hand, scarcely in a thousand Bishops can one be found to advocate giving up the temporal power. But is not this temporal power the very consecration of the mediæval system itself? And the holy Father defends himself by anathemas against all who touch it.

"I have a difficulty in the way of my own view to which I do not see any solution. It arises from the fruitful state of things in Christendom generally, from 1300 downwards, until the Catholic Reformation under St Ignatius and St Philip took effect. We have the mediæval system, tone of thought, public opinion, in full break up, by *internal causes*, as early as 1350. These causes, whatever they were, led to the so-called Reformation. In any estimate

of the Middle Ages, and the Church's position during them towards the world, this fact must be taken into full account. Nor is it easy to over-estimate its importance. I only doubt whether it is not conclusive against the view that the mediæval position of the Church towards the world was the normal, or κατ' ἐξοχήν, the Catholic one. Had it been so, instead of coming to an end from the operation of internal causes, it would have maintained and strengthened itself, as the Church after the Tridentine restoration. Thus it would seem that the theocratic period is not the natural completion, the crown of Catholic civilisation, the ultimate working out of a position which the Church was intended to occupy permanently, but a temporary stage, the best under the circumstances, a position which she occupied for the defence and maintenance of order, civilisation, even religion itself, in a great struggle; but a position which was to be changed when the circumstances of the struggle changed. Thus Ozanam says, 'One must look at the evil as it really was—that is to say, frightful—precisely in order the better to recognise the Church's services, whose glory in these ill-understood ages it is not to have enjoyed a reign, but to have waged a conflict.'

"Do you think the subjects of the lectures will stand?

"Believe me, dear Fr. Newman,

"Affectionately yours,

"T. W. Allies."

"The Oratory, Birmingham,

"*Dec.* 4, 1860.

"My dear Allies,

"I am very anxious not to be defending a paradox, and you will do me a great service if you keep me from such an absurdity. I will try to make

my meaning clearer; and, if I succeed in this, I shall, *ipso facto*, as I hope, be recommending it.

"1. My *assumption* is, that the revealed object of the institution of the Church is to save souls.

"My *position* is, that there is no *probability in facts* (*i.e.*, no *evidence*) that one organisation of society saves more souls than another.

"And further, that there *is* an *antecedent probability* the other way (viz., that one organisation of society is *not* in fact better suited for this great object than another, except accidentally), from the circumstance that the world—that is, human society, *in maligno positus est;* from which it is natural to suspect that organisations, abstractedly good (whether in themselves or in portions of themselves), are so intimately bound up *ab initio* with their own corruptions, that they are likely not to be good in fact, and that they need not work well in the concrete.

"From which I would draw the *conclusion*, that the mediæval political system, whatever good principles it might contain, and whatever good provisions it might enforce, still, as being only accidentally better fitted than another system for saving souls, is not, in the Divine Purpose, included in that object.

"On the other hand, that one system (*i.e.*, the mediæval and others beside it) accidentally—*i.e.*, at a given time and place—is better suited than another for the object, I not only grant, but would maintain. And I fully concede, that this or that method of State action (humanly speaking) is absolutely necessary at a certain crisis, in order to extricate the Church from existing difficulties, and setting her on her course again;—though this remark applies to Victor Emmanuel quite as well as to Charlemagne (without, of course, denying the sin of the one and the merit of the other), and, moreover,

allows me to consider that a system, *e.g.*, the mediæval, enforced out of season may save fewer souls than some other system.

"2. To illustrate or recommend what I would maintain, take the Episcopate as Constantine found it at Nicæa in 325; and take it again as Theodosius inherited it in 381 at Constantinople. It is not in point, when this *malignus mundus* is concerned, to maintain that the establishment of the Church *ought* to have saved more souls in a given number of Christians, or that it embodied high and true principles, but *quære* as to the fact which of the two Episcopates was in the better state, as to personal sanctity, and as to power of saving souls? Yet the Emperors had, with great merit to themselves, put down heathenism, destroyed its temples, built churches, and inaugurated a Christian legislation.

"The one real *undeniable* (then and there) good which they did was to increase the number of baptisms. I grant they thereby increased the percentage (so we may trust) of souls saved. But this runs into another question, distinct from the mediæval system, the propagation of the Gospel in a heathen population, in which the highest idea, contemplated in Scripture, is not the way of Constantine, but of St Peter, St Augustine, St Patrick, and St Francis Xavier, *vid.* Mark vi *fin.*

"Take, again, the *de facto* state of the French clergy, as in the last century and as in ours: is it clear that, in proportion to their numbers, the clergy of the eighteenth century saved more souls than the clergy of the nineteenth?

"Again, take Rome, in which the mediæval system has continued up to this day, and which is honeycombed with secret societies. Have we any reason to think that more souls are saved (in proportion to the Catholic population) in the diocese of Rome than in the diocese of Dublin?

" On the other hand, where are the clear instances in your favour, granting the foregoing are *ex parte?* When has the mediæval system acted with undeniably greater effect (in appearance) in saving souls than another system? That can hardly be said to be included in the divine Purpose, which cannot be clearly shown to have special *fructus animarum.*

" 3. My meaning will be further illustrated by the objections you propose, as I should view them.

" (1) 'Take marriage as the basis of natural society. . . . Surely Christian marriage is an immense gain to Catholic nations as distinguished from Protestant.'

" Certainly, if you could have it, and not other things with it, which can never be *in mundo maligno.* That recognition of a Christian doctrine must be taken as a *part of a whole,* and the question is not, whether the particular provision is or is not a good, but whether the whole state of legislation, the mediæval organisation, the system did not necessarily *de facto,* and, in virtue of its containing much that is Christian, also contain much that is unchristian.

" (2) 'Surely Christian monarchy is an immense gain to Christians who possess it, as contrasted with " the kings of the Gentiles." '

" That is, an immense gain *towards the saving of souls?* I grant that State protection, patronage, sanction, is such—*i.e.,* in its abstract idea—but is State patronage always so in fact, and in the concrete? I say, no, because in fact patronage always has been, always will be, something besides patronage *in mundo maligno;* it will be interference. When the State gives, it will always take. The *quid pro quo* in Christian Legislation is Imperial Prerogative. Constantine built churches, and delivered his opinion about orthodoxy and heresy. He honoured bishops, but he introduced himself, and preached to them, in

their Œcumenical Assembly, and called himself a 'bishop for external matters.' We must consider, then, what State Patronage in the concrete *connotes;* viz., State influence in holy things. It is a beneficial thing for bishops to be princes, as we learn from the history of the Middle Ages. I am not speaking against ecclesiastical establishments; I am but asking whether there is proof that the Church saves *more* souls when established, than when persecuted, or than when tolerated.

"(3) You say, 'It is no reflection on the *bonitas* of the *optimum*,' that '*corruptio optimi est pessima*.' Well, I consider that that '*corruptio*' is coincident, synchronous, with the introduction of the *optimum;* so that, in fact, the *optimum* and *pessimum* always go together. Is it clear, then, that the mediocre, neutral—*i.e.*, toleration—may not in certain states of society save as many souls, nay, more souls, than an *optimo-pessimum?* May not I prefer, at this day, for the saving of souls, a Gallio for my ruler to a Philip II, a Gamaliel to a St Louis?

"(4) You say, 'Strange and startling as the facts are' (of Rome in the fifteenth century, etc.), 'these dangers were inherent in the spiritual authority itself.' I should read this sentence, 'These evils were inherent (considering *mundus in maligno positus est*) in the spiritual authority in *fact* and in concrete, if exalted to a temporal throne.'

"(5) 'What would the mediæval times have been *without* the mediæval system?' Much worse than they were; because, as I have said in my former letter, the system was suited to the times; but that does not prove that it was suited to all times, to these times; and, if not suited to all times, how can it be included in that object which *is* for all times? How can you speak of the Gospel converting first the individual, then the State, as if the two were in the same order? The mediæval system

was a great triumph for the Gospel, and I am puzzled to say what it was in the way of benefit for the souls of men, considered as a whole.

"(6) 'Will you stop short of a Church of the Catacombs?' This implies that I think some other organisation of society *better fitted* for saving souls than the mediæval. I meant to say no such thing; I meant to say that, *in its day*, the mediæval system was best fitted, but not in another day, that it had great advantages but greater counterbalancing disadvantages; that it could not be called a divine object, assuming (1) that the Gospel aims at saving souls, and (2) *mundus in maligno positus est;* that, while it was suitable to the times in which it was found, it was not suitable to such times as these. I certainly think that (humanly speaking) it would lessen, not increase, the number of the elect in the nineteenth century, and that it would be as great a mistake to apply Ferdinand's or Philip II's system to England as to have established the Bill of Rights, etc., in the Jesuit missions of Paraguay.

"(7) Has not 'the Church shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her temporal power'? *Distinguo:* here are two things: 1, the Church's—*i.e.*, the Holy See's temporal power, *relatively to other States*, is one thing; 2, the Pope's mediæval system in his own State is another. *We* are speaking of the latter, *The Times* of the former. The present Pope, rightly or wrongly, has to a certain extent wished to modify his absolutism, but he has shown no design or wish to lose his temporal *status*. We may *conceive* his being an European sovereign, and yet not keeping the boy Mortara from his friends. I do not discuss whether it would be morally right.

"(8) Your last remarks, on the difficulty resulting from the history of the Church since 1300, I quite concur in. I did not urge it, as knowing you

felt it already. It is no difficulty in my own view of the matter. When you say, 'the theocratic period of the Church is but a temporary state, *the best under circumstances*, a position which she occupied for the defence and maintenance of order, etc.,' you exactly express my meaning.

"(9) I have one difficulty of my own. A *blessing* comes on a State adopting Christianity. What is meant by this? and 1, is it a *temporal* blessing on the body politic? or 2, a blessing on the *individual* rulers? or 3, a spiritual blessing on the population?

"(10) I have said nothing about my No. 4, in order to narrow the ground.

"As to your list of Lectures, I think it excellent, and that the Lectures will be most valuable.

"I hear nothing but good reports of Cyril.*

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"Believe me to feel exceedingly the crudeness of this letter."

"*Christmas Day*, 1860.

"MY DEAR FR. NEWMAN,

"Your last letter has been of great service to me. It has brought out the meaning of the former, and so facilitated its acceptance, as you anticipated. I have nothing to allege, which at all satisfies my own mind, against your powerful exposition of '*mundus totus in maligno positus est.*' What I feel is the old instinctive struggle against the fact itself. This is, I suppose, at the bottom what led me to dream of a Catholic civilisation, not in theory only, but in act overmastering corrupt nature, and making the empires of the world yield a not unwilling homage to the Church. You have convinced me that it will not do. They are rebels from the beginning to the end; the single soul is the work

* My brother Cyril was for a time an Edgbaston "boy."

of God, and lasts into eternity, and so brings him glory in eternity, but all human polity and civilisation stop with this life, and have no counterpart in the eternal world.

"So I thank you once more for deliverance from a great error, which would have embarrassed me not a little, and which made the history of Europe from 1300 a downright enigma to me.

"There remains your own difficulty, into which fall, I imagine, all those promises of the Psalms and Prophets which seem to contemplate the dominion of God, realised not only in the abstract, but in the concrete, over the kingdoms of the earth, such as '*Reminiscentur et convertentur ad Dominum universi fines terræ; et adorabunt in conspectu ejus universæ familiæ gentium; quoniam Domini est regnum, et ipse dominabitur gentium.*' '*Adorabunt eum omnes reges terræ, omnes gentes servient ei,*' etc. Now is not a Catholic Church finding its own among individuals throughout the nations of the earth a somewhat inadequate fulfilment of these promises? Can it be that they are not absolute, but dependent on man's co-operation? Or again, how are they to be reconciled with that which always strikes me as the master prophecy, clear and decisive as a word from the Word should be in comparison with the veils through which his prophets spoke? 'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world *for a witness* unto all nations; and then shall the end come.'

"I think you have disposed of my objections, save perhaps one, that in which I alleged that the Church had shown the greatest reluctance to surrender her temporal power. Here you distinguish between the Holy See's temporal power relatively to other States, and the Pope's mediæval system in his own State. But it is the former of which I meant to speak chiefly. The Pope being King because he

is Pontiff is, I suppose, in the same order as Bishops sitting in the House of Lords, Christian legislation, etc. In history the era of the Pope's temporal power inaugurated the era of the Church's establishment; and the greatest misgiving which I feel with regard to its continuance is that this great attack upon it follows the general disestablishment of the Church, carried out in some countries, and preparing, seemingly, in all. Now it is to *this* temporal power that the holy Father clings, with anathemas on all who touch it. As if the Church felt some great fruit of souls depended on its continuance. For instance, I should imagine it was anything but clear, as you hint, that the clergy of the Church in France in the eighteenth century, *in proportion to their numbers*, saved more souls than the clergy of the nineteenth. But then, taking France as a whole in 1760 and in 1860, would you not suppose that many more souls were being saved at the former than at the latter period? The Church has drawn in her tents; a larger proportion of those in the tents may be saved, but the loss of those outside is enormous. Does this account for her clinging to establishment? The burden of her song seems ever, '*Beatus populus cujus Dominus Deus ejus.*' Is not this against your position that there is no probability *in facto* that one organisation of society saves more souls than another? The state of toleration succeeding the state of establishment seems a judgment on the nation. It may be at the same time a chastisement to the Church. So the Reformation appears a most fearful judgment on the nations suffering it, while it synchronises with the bracing and restoration, but at the same time the contraction, of the Church.

"'I am but asking,' you say, 'whether there is proof that the Church saves more souls when established than when persecuted, or than when tolerated.' But now must not one apply your own

argument here? Must one not take into account what persecution connotes, and what toleration? Persecution that the Church is acting on a small minority of the nation; and toleration that the vast mass have turned away in indifference from her. Could you have the Church reaching as many under a system of toleration as when established, I should admit the superiority of that position; but in proportion as things tend to that, toleration tends to establishment. Toleration is practised in France, where it means indifference; in England, where it means the undisputed reign of Protestantism; in Ireland, tardily and most unwillingly under the buckler of the English Constitution; in the United States, where a number of Protestant sects keep each other in balance. In all these countries (save Ireland) is there not an enormous loss of souls, compared to the harvest which would accrue to the Church if established, taking in, that is, baptised infants? When you prefer a Gallio for your ruler to a Philip the Second, you must take Gallio's concomitants, as well as Philip's. To get rid of hypocrisy and State interference would be clear gain, but what if in consequence you are reduced to act on a fraction of the population? Catholicism is perhaps nowhere so free as in England, but it seems hardly to touch the English mind at all.

"But, however this may be, you have proved to me that I was wrong in speaking of the Gospel converting first the individual, then the State, as if the two were in the same order. Still, I should like to know what is meant in the great prophecy of Daniel, where not only is the Church paralleled and contrasted with the great empires of the earth, but its supremacy over them in the same order seems asserted. . . . Hitherto the eighteen hundred years exhibit the Gospel preached as a witness to a very limited portion of the earth. Are we living in the

first scenes of the drama rather than the last? The Papacy as established by St Gregory VII seemed to allure one like a fulfilment of the prophecy: according to those noble words uttered over the dying saint, 'Vicar of Christ, in exile thou canst not die, for God has given thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance, and the ends of the earth for thy possession.'

"I understand your caution about making the descent from one pair a point of faith exactly as you intended it.

"Mrs. Allies joins me in the kindest Christmas wishes to you and yours.

"Cyril seems down in the mouth and dull, I can't tell why.

"Ever, dear Fr. Newman,

"Affectionately yours,

"T. W. ALLIES."

A third letter of the Father's on March 5, 1861, forms part of the same subject:

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*March* 5, '61.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,

"The *quotidiana sollicitudo* of little things, which is a considerable penance, has been the cause of yours, among other of my letters, remaining so long unanswered, though I have never forgotten that I had to attend to it.

"At first I was quite frightened at your decided acquiescence in what I had written to you, or I felt very diffident about it, and I was unfeignedly investigatory, as I told you. But then I recollected a sermon of mine, written more or less thirty years ago, in which I have drawn out the very same view, and founded it upon the same text—and this gave me comfort, that what I had urged upon you was at least not crude or hasty. It is Sermon 3 (cxxxi) of *Plain Sermons*, vol. v.

"As to my own objection, which you draw out, I am inclined, as far as I see, to answer *distinguendo*: '*Beatus populus*'—this either means—(1) people, or (2) State polity. If the former, surely '*beatus*,' and no mistake, and the 'people' will develop its faith in a corresponding State polity. This is the high sense of the word '*nation*,' including both the *matter* and the *form* of a people; of which the instance is Spain for many centuries down to this day. But if the latter, *subdistinguo*, the *populus* is not blest directly, but, if blest, blest indirectly *through* the State or Ruler. And he is blest or not, according as he acts (1) with the people passive or neutral, or (2) against the people. (1) Thus St Stephen of Hungary, and St Oswald of the Northumbrians, were blessed (and their people through them) because they carried their people with them; but (2) I cannot see that prince or people would gain any blessing by any such forcible attempts as those of James II to make the English Catholic.

"I have expressed this view incidentally in my second lecture on 'Catholicism in England.'

"Now you may say that Catholicism has often been established also; true, but Catholicism does not depend on its establishment for its existence; but it can do without it, and often dispenses with it to an advantage. A Catholic nation, *as a matter of course*, establishes Catholicism, because it is a Catholic nation; but in such a case *Catholicism comes first and establishment comes second;* the establishment is the spontaneous act of the people; it is a national movement, the Catholic people does it, and not the Catholic Church. It is *but an accident* of a particular state of things, the result of the fervour of the people; it is the will of the masses; but I repeat, it is not necessary for Catholicism—not necessary, I maintain, and Ireland is my proof of it, etc.

ST. ALBERT

"Then comes the question, *what kind* of blessing. I doubt whether it can be temporal, from the instance of Ireland, not to speak of Spain. But I should suppose it to be of many souls saved; or of great saints.

"As to your question whether *more* souls *on the whole* were not saved in France last century than this, taking in infant baptism, I answer by proposing (fairly) an insolvable question, Is God glorified more by many saved or by great saints? And may not the mass of holiness, quantity and quality, be greater in France now than last century?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

These letters were written before *The Formation* was begun. Two more, amongst others, were received whilst the book was in course of composition. The one, I think, was called forth by my father's choice of Cicero as a typical heathen, and the second refers to the great subject of slavery. My father's share of the correspondence is unfortunately wanting.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,

"*Oct.* 26, 1863.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,

"At the moment, I have nothing, alas, to say to your reference to Pliny. I think I had seen it years ago, and thrust the inference from me. But I cannot feel it but as a far sadder fact than any about Virgil. Virgil is a man of words, Cicero of deeds as well as words. I have been long accustomed to consider the heathen writers as included under the type of Balaam (and I think a good book might be made in defence of the Old Testament against the detractors of the day from such evidence of its supernatural depth). What so beautiful, noble, *classic*,

as Balaam's speeches! in the Protestant version they are quite musical. 'He hath shown thee, O man, what is good,' etc. Yet think of his actions! is there a good one of the whole? Can there be a more atrocious one than his worst? Now in Virgil I have ever recognised the prophetic gift of a Sibyl, but it is not a gift *gratum faciens*. His half sentences have ever been to me, as I daresay to you, and to numbers, thrilling oracles, speaking to the heart; I recollect as a boy at school how I was moved by the line '*Tu ne cede malis*,' etc. Such, too, are such words as '*O passi graviora*,' etc. '*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*,' etc. And I wonder whether this was not part of the reason why Virgil was made a magician in the Middle Ages, and again, the reason why Dante pays him such singular reverence.

"What we see so emphatically brought out in Virgil is seen in other classics. Who so grave, so severe in taste, so austerely beautiful as Sophocles? Who more true to the great laws of divine governance, providence, and immutability? Contrast all this with the man, as implied in Cicero's words, '*At enim prætorem, Sophocle, decet*,' etc.

"Now with all this I have long familiarised my mind to acquiesce in—but what then? What do we know of Sophocles' life? What of Virgil's? It is otherwise with Cicero. His whole life is spread before us as on a *votiva tabella*, and on the whole, for a pagan, he passes the scrutiny fairly. This is why I am so shocked and disappointed by the reference you have sent me.

"I agree with you that Döllinger's is an awful book, but there are other aspects of it. What especially impressed me, on reading it, is the view which it gives of the *impossibility* (humanly speaking) of the Apostles' mission. The description it gives so minutely of the various rites, traditions, and immunities of the pagan rites, which covered

the whole ground as a tangled underwood, subtle as a spider's web, and strong and terrible as the works of a steam-engine, illustrates what I mean. How simply hopeless the undertaking seems? Well, at this day when miracles, as such, have wellnigh ceased to be an argument for Revelation, the *work* which was effected must prove the fact of the miracles, by proving the fact of a revelation. And all evidences, I suppose, take that shape. We have known of old that the Resurrection was 'shown openly, not to all the people,' but to chosen witnesses. Hence Paley undertakes to prove generally some miraculous interference, on the ground that twelve men will not die for a *fact* which they professed to have witnessed, without its being a fact, though they will and may die for an opinion. The portentous arduousness of the work effected is another branch of the same proof, which has often been insisted on, and for which Döllinger brings together a surprising amount of matter quite new to me.

"Another thought suggested by Döllinger is the keen contrast and antagonism of light and darkness there was in that age between the Church and the world. 'The whole world lieth in wickedness'—that is fulfilled in every age. And yet now nations outside the Church are in matter of fact far different from the heathen world. To say that a Roman or Greek of the first centuries was not a Christian, was to pronounce him steeped in the most hideous sins, and hence heretics, simply because not Christians, were objects of deepest pity and dread; and hence *in fact* the early heresies were only forms and expressions, in one way or other, of shocking immorality. Of course, what makes a man radically different in God's sight, is not the mere freedom from actual vice, but the presence of supernatural grace. And again, when you look beneath the surface even

in a country like England, you find tokens of abounding, superabounding, impurity, dishonesty, cruelty, and avarice, to say nothing of pride. Yet I cannot but believe that the contrast which (say) the middle classes of Protestants among us, which Protestant homes, present with Roman life in the Imperial era, as described by Döllinger, is a note of the present existing influence and effect of Divine Grace (considering what human nature is when left to itself), of the same logical force (the same in kind, I do not say in degree) as the notes of the Church. And if I am driven into a corner and have the dilemma put to me, 'You must either think these deeds or habits, these wishes and prayers natural, not supernatural, or you must believe these people are in invincible ignorance,' it seems to me an easier hypothesis to take the second horn of the argument.

"This is a rambling letter, but I will end it by coming back to the subject I began with, and asking a question which bears more closely on your Lecture: Should one not see in accepting Döllinger's statements that we take them just for what they are worth? I mean we ought to consider to what eras, what stages of history, what districts, they apply. Vices sweep over the face of society suddenly, especially in heathen times; a nation might be virtuous one year and vicious the next. St Augustine makes much of the natural virtues of the early Romans. I should like to collect the passages in the ancient writers, in historians and geographers, as Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny, which make definite statements—*e.g.*, of the sin which we have been writing about; so far as they notice it directly, not indirectly, so to say, the Celts, or the Scythians, they would imply that either their own people, or at least a sufficient assemblage of other people, did not indulge in it in their day. It should be recollected, too, that the Roman roads effected pretty

much what railroads are now effecting, making two worlds close to each other and incommunicable—the world connected together by high-roads, and the world outside them—town and country. The Roman went as quickly as he could from Rome to Trèves or to Sicca, and he built then a mimic Rome, with its amphitheatre, capitol, basilica, and baths. He knew nothing of the inhabitants of the country an inch on each side of him. It was like the intercourse by means of ships, which brings together cities, and cities only, into one. Alas, I do not say this with any great hope, but I should like to know if there is room for *audi alteram partem*, in favour of that second world thus cut off from Roman contamination—and I say it, not as at all expecting to find *virtue*, but with the chance of the absence of proof of hideous vice.

"And I confess the recommendations of St Paul to slaves, which I have noticed to you, weigh with me here, and lead me to question whether you can fairly generalise Seneca's or Juvenal's declaration.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*P.S.*—I write to you as I have time and anything to say. You must excuse desultoriness."

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
"*Nov.* 8, 1863.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,

"I have not answered your letter of October 26 about slavery because it is so large a subject, and it is so difficult to put one's ideas into order. These lines, such as they are, must be my excuse for not saying more, and perhaps the means of making it clear that I do not materially differ from you, though I do still at some of the sentences of your lecture.

"I think slavery is in the same order of things as despotism. Every word which you quote from Cochin can be made to apply to despotism. But I should hesitate to say that despotism is *per se* evil, for Almighty God is δεσποτὴς, and a father is despotic over his young children. But *practically* as in like manner we say that the θυμητικὸν and ἐπιθυμητικόν, though in themselves not sinful, yet in us, being what we are, infallibly run into sin, become sin, in fact, so despotism is practically and certainly a great evil. So is slavery. Christianity destroys both the one and the other; but by influence, not by declaring their illegality. (*N.B.*—'But they *are both* illegal'—*i.e.*, they were 'not from the beginning'—yes, but not so bad as polygamy.)

"That which is intrinsically and *per se* evil, we cannot give way to for an hour. That which is only accidentally evil, we can meet according to what is expedient, giving different rules, according to the particular case.

"St Paul would have got rid of despotism if he could. He could not; he left the desirable object to the slow working of Christian principles. So he would have got rid of slavery if he could. He did not, because he could not, but, had it been intrinsically evil, had it been *in se* a sin, he must have said to Philemon, Liberate all your slaves at once.

"My first criticism, then, on your lecture was this, that you seemed to me to make slavery the *root* of evil in Roman civilisation, whereas it was but one of those potent instruments of evil which corrupt Roman civilisation used, and which made that corrupt civilisation more corrupt.

"It is difficult to get an exact parallel, but take the profession of arms. This profession arises out of the corruption of nature, and it is, ever has been, and I suppose ever will be, a hot-bed of corruption itself. It is not in itself sinful. It may be restrained

in its bad tendencies. Under circumstances it may not only be allowable for an individual, but *for him* the least dangerous. As things are, we have obligations, we men of peace, to the army which never should be undervalued, but I am looking at *itself*. Can an institution for the young and enterprising, which does not allow of marriage, which enforces long periods of leisure, which contrasts seasons of the most intense interest and romantic action with the reaction of listlessness and appetite, which multiplies the chances of sudden death, can such an institution be practically, to the vast majority, other than a school of vice and crime and spiritual ruin? Surely slavery can be *tamed* more easily than the military profession. Which did most harm to the soul, the Jewish slavedom or the Jewish army?

"An army is a greater instrument of sin than slavery. It is the instrument of a Timour or an Alexander in introducing both slavery and despotism. Yet it is not in itself a sinful institution. St Peter bids us submit to every '*humana creatura*'; I suppose he included all these three. Slavery may be worse in a particular state of society than the other two, but not in itself. I had rather have been a slave in the Holy Land than a courtier of Xerxes or a soldier of Zingis Khan.

"The military profession is not sinful, yet its particular professors or deeds may be atrociously wicked. The institution of slavery, as of despotism, is one of its bad deeds. If a wicked effect does not make the profession of arms evil, I do not see why a wicked origin should make slavery *per se* evil. I say this in answer to what you say about ἀνδραποδιστής. True, to enslave is a horrible sin, yet comparative good may come out of sin in this sinful world. To refer to your South Carolina case, that poor slave found South Carolina a more religious place for her

than she would have found the territory of the King of Dahomey. American slavery admits the introduction of more antagonist good than African despotism.

"Slavery, then, is not evil *in se*, except in such sense as despotism is, or the military profession, and therefore cannot be treated as more than one of the symptoms, effects, aggravations, instruments of Roman corruption. I read your lectures as taking the opposite view. If you do not, I have made much ado about nothing.

"And now for the second point, which is a question of fact. Holding, as I should do, that slavery admits of being better and worse, and fully allowing that its condition was as bad as it could be among the Roman nobles and in great cities, I wished to question, or rather I claimed to be allowed to ask proof, for its being so bad elsewhere, to ask proof whether what (*e.g.*) Seneca says applies to the whole Roman Empire, or even, as applied to Rome, has not something of rhetoric in it; and I do this on the ground that whereas slavedom was not a sinful institution in itself (for this I here take for granted), though it came of sin and tended to sin, St Paul, on the other hand, does not add slaveholders to manstealers, does not tell Philemon to manumit his slaves, and actually tells the slaves at Corinth to remain slaves though they could be free. I should have thought Corinth as bad as South Carolina; but I cannot understand any priest now allowing a penitent to remain in such occasions of sin as you describe, when she had the option of getting rid of them. I am not making an objection, or arguing a point here, but owning myself fairly puzzled. And, if you recollect, I began in what I said about slavery by remarking that, if left to myself, I might be disposed to speak as strongly as you do, but that the tone of the inspired writers held me back.

'As to your letter of November 4 and the state of the heathen world, I have nothing to say, except one remark in extenuation of the awfulness of the problem which it involves.

"I suppose it is allowable to hold that the material universe has lasted for a period beyond all numeration; that the words, 'Let there be light,' and still more, 'In the beginning,' relate to eras which are million times million years removed from us. But theologians tell us that the angels were created certainly not later than the moment of material creation, and, as many great Fathers say, *before* the material creation. If before, they have been in existence *all but* an eternity; and even if 'with the heavens and the earth,' for innumerable millenaries. These being considered, *what histories* there are of which we know nothing! what wonderful æons of dispensations; and all without sin (except the great revolt). Now, the 'times of this ignorance,' the heathen centuries, which are in themselves so great a stumbling-block, are as a small drop in an ocean, in the view of angelic history, and probably those heathen times are just one small necessary condition of a Dispensation as much wider than paganism as the whole sidereal system is vaster than the wheels of a watch; but I have neither time nor space for more.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Begun in 1861, *The Formation of Christendom* was finished in 1895. Its eight volumes represent very surely something done for the glory of God. The philosophy of history, on which they are grounded, is a powerful contribution to Church history. During the course of thirty-five to forty years they formed my father's inner and intellectual life. He spent himself on the work which he con-

sidered his life-work. "After the work of saving my soul," he wrote in his *Journal*, "it is my work in life to defend the See of Peter." From the inaugural lecture on the "Philosophy of History" down to the last page of "Monastic Life," there is unity of thought. All converges towards that central See which is the Root, the Bond, the Crown of Christendom. The foundations of Christendom are set in that heathen Rome which the writer knew to the core, and depicted to the life. Heathendom and the Christian faith are shown in typical men: the Roman orator and the African saint, of far greater genius and character than Cicero. The best that human reason could achieve is set forth in "The Philosophy," of which the third volume gives a succinct account. My father wrote in 1874: "The last seven years have been given to one subject, involving great labour and accurate thought. At the end of 1867 I had marked out a subject to come at the end of the three chapters, on the three ages of the Martyr Church, which I thus defined—'The double failure of the Greek *σοφία*—*i.e.*, to create a consistent doctrine and a *πολιτεία* founded on it—and the double success of the Christian Church.' I had allotted one chapter for this; it has taken ten to carry it out. But if I had known the difficulty of the subject, and the labour it would cost, I should certainly have shrunk from it, and it has left the lesson, to weigh carefully in whatever time I may yet have to work, before beginning a subject, what the treatment of it involves. There remain yet two *momenta* to be considered in the Church's history from Claudius to Constantine; the first, the force which martyrdom contributed to the effect which she wrought in those three centuries; the second, the overthrow of the Satanic enthralment, the *redemption* of the world from his usurpation, to which the miraculous power placed by our Lord

in his Church contributed. Without the treatment of these my work in twenty-two chapters remains without even that partial completeness which it has in my thought. It was intended originally to show the homogeneousness of the Church's work in any age. But '*das Leben ist kurz, die Kunst ist lang!*'"

Four volumes prepare the way for "The Throne of the Fisherman," and this is significant. It rests upon the sure foundation of our Lord's triple charge to Peter, and it was my father's task to prove it from the historical point of view. More than another he was concerned to show how a primacy involved a supremacy, how the *primus inter pares* becomes supreme. The first volume has its garland in the chapter on "The Virginal Life." "The Throne" has two chapters on the "Flowering of Patristic Literature," which will appeal to every mind with an innate love of what is beautiful; most of all to those who value "the Christian Faith as the dearest thing they have." As a matter of fact, we know little about the Fathers, and we sorely need just the food which they could give us. St Augustine compares the living bread upon our altars to mother's milk. He and other Fathers have eaten the Scriptures, so to say, and reduced them to milk for the children of the Church. Men are cold, flippant, and incredulous, because their spiritual constitution is not founded on their Mother's milk. My father's chapters will serve as a guiding thread to the reading of the Fathers. He pays them a tribute for the Catholic education and training which they gave him in his Anglican days. It was not, however, to Chrysostom, the almost martyr, nor to Athanasius, the incomparable thinker and champion, that he chiefly owed the great teaching of the holy Eucharist. It was in the pages of Augustine that he first read for himself the adoration of the blessed Sacrament,

and the doctrine which may be said to be essentially Augustine's—that of Unity.

"The Holy See and the Wanderings of the Nations" constitutes vol. vi of *The Formation*. It is a page little known in the birth of spiritual Rome. Few, if any, Catholic historians have considered the simultaneous rise of Nova Roma, and of Old Rome, the one as typifying the secular, the other the spiritual power. There was a singular feature about the withdrawal from Rome of the Roman Emperor, and the reduction of Old Rome to the rank of a provincial town under an Exarchate. It was as if Divine Providence wished to show whence the power of St Peter's See came. All human elements of greatness were lavished on Byzantium, and lacking in proportion at Old Rome, and it was the radiation of the imperial court, its reflection, which gave lustre to its imperial See. St Leo opposed the demands of St Pulcheria and her husband that Nova Roma should have a spiritual rank second only to Rome. His seven successors " stood as one man," but their seven contemporaries at Nova Roma (Constantinople) showed unity of purpose only in one thing, subservience to the Emperor, who made them what they were. My father saw the vital importance of historical details in this question, and gave them with no sparing hand. From Anatolius to John the Faster the struggle was going on, which he knew to be the confirmation of the Primacy. Rome made itself heard above the clamour of emperor and courtly bishop, though shorn by one stroke of imperial favour and of its human greatness. Five times plundered, always by its position the goal of ambitious invaders, it drew strength from Peter as Constantinople's Bishop drew influence from the Emperor. The claims which St Leo had resisted were put forward later on, and the See of Nova Roma did indeed attain the

second rank in the Church till the time when overweening ambition burst out into heresy and schism. The most that the new capital and its sovereign could do was to make an Œcumenical Patriarch, for so he is called in the laws of Justinian. The process, too, was a gradual one, extending over the 140 years from St Leo to St Gregory. Whilst the Bishop of Constantinople was the second person in the East, claiming œcumenical authority over all except the Pope himself, he acknowledged the Primacy, although "seated in a provincial city, pauperised, and decimated with hunger and desertion." "Peter's Rock and Mohammed's Flood" deals exhaustively in nine chapters with the "Rock" and the "Flood," the Popes and Mohammed. Some may view the "Flood" as the most fearful page in the probation of the Church. One thing they will gather from this volume, and that is the action of the Papacy as a bulwark against the destructive torrent, which would have torn away from the world not only the basis of faith, but also the security of morals. Mohammed sanctioned immorality, therefore his system would have sapped human society. It does not follow that Mussulmans are all bad; in their lives they are often irreproachable; but then they are listening to their own conscience, not to Mohammed. "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" is acted upon by hundreds who carry out the false prophet's commands in comparative regularity of life, if the word may be applied to a system which tolerates four wives. In one particular at least they are examples to Christians, and that is, in the external fervour and punctuality of their daily prayers to Allah. My father did not reckon with the individual Mussulman because he had before his mind that systematic sanctioning of polygamy which is the destruction of human life and the note of Mohammed.

The eighth volume completes the seventh, for St Benedict is the antithesis to Mohammed. He offered the true peace of the Gospel instead of sensual satisfaction, for the monastic life is a pure development of the Christian teaching. The unity of the Christian Faith founded another unity, political unity, and those who retired from the world were in reality its greatest benefactors. They withdrew from men to save their own souls, it is true, but in their deeper, intenser being, gained others insensibly; so now *being* not *doing* may be the winning force. "Monastic Life" has a suspicion of dust and past ages, opening by a long quotation from St Athanasius' Life of St Anthony. It is in keeping with the subject, and yet I do not consider the whole passage of actual interest. This volume was written between 1892 and 1895, and was my father's last. His *Formation of Christendom* closes with Charlemagne, and fitly, for although the Philosophy of History belongs to every time, he may be said to have done his work with the philosophy of the formation.

This was the work on which his mind lived, from 1861 to 1895, and even to the end in the citadel of Catholic peace. His *Formation* was to him what the Cross is to the Carthusian: *stat crux dum volvitur orbis.*

CHAPTER IX

1866-1890

EDUCATION and *The Formation of Christendom* did not banish the problem of government from my father's life. His early radicalism gave way to a strong conservatism because he was less touched by the fever of parties than by his all-absorbing devotion to the Pope's party. He dreaded the government of numbers, but where could he now find monarchy? Plato complained that the individual injured the commonwealth. It is the exact contrary with us.

Allies spent thirty of his most fruitful years in the "world's vastest," in Portman Street and Gloucester Place. In each case he lived at the offices of the Poor School Committee. One room at 22, Portman Street was supposed to cause nightmare. My father, when he could not sleep, used his brain to some purpose, and one night in 1866 he wrote some lines to my sister, then a child of thirteen.*

Amongst his inner circle of friends, Aubrey de Vere held a very special place, as, I should say, the nearest kindred spirit to his own. No one watched the birth and the progress of *The Formation* with warmer interest. It was an intercourse of mind to mind, for, meeting seldom in the flesh, they remained closely united in the spirit. I believe it is a privilege of intellectual natures to anticipate the life of pure spirit, which is far removed from the drawbacks of time and place. An intellectual

* See Appendix, "To Mafra, a Daughter."

question is a feast for deep minds, as it is a fast for dull ones. Aubrey de Vere wrote as he talked. His correspondence with my father began about 1860, and ended in the twentieth century. Age did not cool the ardour of these spirits, nor change their ideals. In 1867 they were corresponding on the Irish Question, to which Aubrey de Vere had contributed a pamphlet. My father wrote to him on January 25, 1867: "I wish I could think that there is statesmanship enough among the fever of our parties to lay to heart the truths which you bring before them. Nothing can be more temperate than your statements, and they go, I think, to the root of the whole matter. But are Englishmen and Scotchmen, as represented in Parliament (to say nothing of Irish Orangemen and their influence), prepared to treat the life, the property, the religion, and the interests of Irish Catholics in the same way that they treat their own lives, properties, religions, and interests? If they would, perhaps it might even now be possible to make Ireland a part of one united empire. No doubt they feel the miserable weakness which the state of Ireland brings upon the empire; but are they magnanimous enough for its only remedy? At all events, it will be a comfort to you to be doing your part of the work.

"Will you allow me a criticism? In p. 24 you say, 'A good man naturally wishes that in every community there should be developed the utmost good of which it is capable;' and eight lines further, Protestant and Catholic 'both may join in the wish that its proper duties, which are those to its own members, should be discharged with the largest spiritual results.' I have a difficulty here. Every heresy, viewed in its collective character, is an organised rebellion against the one Body of Christ. The English and Irish Establishments are specially, not by accident, but by their inmost essence, foes

of the Church. Can a Catholic therefore desire that 'their duties should be discharged with the largest spiritual results'? The better they are as to internal efficiency, the worse enemies they are to the Church, and the less likely are their victims to be delivered from their meshes.

"We may indeed wish for individual heretics to perform their duties with increased zeal, because the more strictly they follow the law of even an erring conscience, the more likely they are to be drawn out of their error into the truth. But is it not otherwise with the corporate improvement of the bodies to which they belong? What soldier, fighting for his lawful monarch, could wish that the rebel *armies* should be in an effective state? He must desire their destruction as armies."

This letter drew the following reply from Aubrey de Vere:

"CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE,
"*Jan. 27, '67.*

"MY DEAR ALLIES,

"Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am much obliged to you for having waited till you had time to read my pamphlet before answering it, and glad to find that you think my principles sound and my language temperate—the two things I chiefly aimed at. I wish I could give a satisfactory answer to your question as to what statesmen will do. I can promise them, however, that what they will *not* do is to pacify Ireland by any imaginable amount of Liberal speeches, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, or Industrial Development, until they have done away with the Religious Wrong. *What the priests feel the people will feel.* If all the clergy preached against DISLOYALTY, as Dr. Fitzgerald did the other day in Limerick, even that would not avail. The real question is the

positive, not the *negative* one. The Irishman must be a *positive* Loyalist, or he will be absolutely unreliable in times of danger, and in ordinary times his sympathies will not be either with the State or with England. The old Catholic system of Endowment balanced the popular sympathies which the clergy ought always to feel with equal sympathies in favour of what is stable and historical in Natural Institutions. The common link of *landed* Property made them understand the claims of the Monarchy and Aristocracy as well as those of the People. Their *sympathies* had a natural gravitation in the right direction, and for this reason, not because they preached against Disloyalty, the People whom they unconsciously influenced understood the claims of a positive Loyalty. On this principle, as for other reasons, I regard the 'Voluntary System pure and simple' as uncatholic and democratic; and of course it must become still more so when the evil is aggravated by an unjust ascendancy. So my answer to your question is that the State must either learn this lesson, or 'make its soul' as soon as it conveniently can.

"I am very much obliged to you for your criticism on such sentences in my pamphlet as 'a good man naturally wishes that in every community there should be developed the utmost good of which it is capable.' I do not think we shall differ on the subject when I explain my meaning. Of course I can put no other communities into the slightest comparison, whether Ecclesiastical or Spiritual, with *the Church*. All Roman Catholics hold the *Organic Unity*-of the Mystical Body of Christ, and disbelieve in even the nearest approach that counterfeits this, such as the 'Branch Church Theory.' To make the smallest parallel between scattered fragments (of human origin, and no Supernatural Gifts or Powers) and that Church which is universal upon

earth, because it is one with the Church Triumphant above, and united with its Divine Head, would be preposterous. But this is not, I think, the question.

"Every community that calls itself Christian retains more or less of the Virtue which the true Magnet conveys to these little iron filings. It seems to me our plain duty to wish that they should retain the *more* and not the *less* of it.

"The better the community is, the better its several members must be; for the community is good simply in proportion as it retains the Faith and trains its children to keep the commandments. To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is surely our duty; —and what is this but to wish the good of the communities? To wish their *permanence* would be quite another thing. But Mohammedanism shows us that the more consistently bad an erring community is, the greater is its chance of permanence.

"Plainly, if we separate the Individual from the Community in *this matter* (in other matters of course we must), wishing well to one and evil to the other, we are bound not only to wish the greatest good, but to wish the greatest evil to the latter. We ought to wish the Anglican Community to accept Presbyterianism and the Westminster Confession, and the Scotch Kirk to accept Unitarianism, and the Ulster Arian Body to graduate in Mormonism. What then would become of the *individuals* brought up in these bodies? Of course, they must be much worse than now, while they remained in them; and, as all experience shows, infinitely less likely to leave them by submitting to the Church.

"Invert the process; raise the Kirk to the Anglican level, and the English Establishment to that of a devout Tractarian Body, and England must soon be filled with Catholics. If my aspiration were accom-

plished, every English Protestant would be what Dr. Newman was some years before his conversion. Is it not the duty of a Catholic to wish this on the ground of Catholic Interests, and the duty of a Christian to wish it unless it could be shown that conversions would thus be rendered less likely ?

"An English army in France is *essentially* the enemy of the French, and stands there but to destroy it. Of course, no Frenchman could wish it well. But the ignorant and stupid war against the Church to which the Anglican Community is committed by the past, is by no means the main ground or object of its existence. Nine hundred Englishmen out of a thousand, if asked why the E.C. existed, would answer in perfect good faith, 'To conduct the worship of God and bring up each generation as Christians.' If that Church Establishment were to fall before it has been properly under-propped by the spread of Catholicism, the mere separation of the idea of Religion both from that of *Law*, and that of *Tradition*, would throw half the nation, I think, before long into such a state of unbelief that the argument of the Catholic missionary would be as much thrown away on his hearers almost as on brute beasts. The people would not have the simplicity of barbaric races, which were easily converted. They would be poisoned by the exhalations of a corrupt civilisation . . . intellectualised animals.

"I think, then, not only that we may, but that an enlightened Catholic is *bound* to wish that every separated body should perform, to the utmost that its providential position admits, its duty to its members, and that this is one of the chief providential means by which the largest number of those members may be either brought out of error, or saved through invincible ignorance. I should, of course, think it dangerous to say anything of *this sort* relatively to the Church of England more than to the

non-established Dissenting bodies, as it might tend to keep up the illusions of the 'Unionists.' In some other respects, of course, the Church of England does differ from them, both for the better and (as regards freedom) for the worse. In these respects I think we ought to acknowledge it frankly for what it is. The danger does not appear to me so great from speaking frankly as from putting forward but that side of our opinions which seems most to depreciate what is uncatholic.

"An immense force seems to me communicated to grace, and definite censure when obviously united with an equal readiness to do full justice to the thing censured. Otherwise it passes for the criticism of a partisan. The reply made is, 'He does not understand the Body he is criticising; perhaps he does not wish to understand it. I will answer him by retaliating his charges, and picking holes in his system.' Now the oldest and largest community must needs have most of these holes to pick (since its individual members are not rendered impeccable), just as an old palace has more beetles in the cellars and cobwebs on the roof than a snug 'new box' built yesterday; and the Protestant whose ill temper we have excited in place of allaying it will never have time to reach the real subjects needful for his inquiries.

"And have we not reason to ask ourselves whether what the Protestant may think factious in a Catholic critic may not in reality come from party spirit and sectarian narrowness? Our being Catholics no more preserves us from such temptations than from any others. The Church, apart from its Divine claims, is incomparably the greatest 'cause' on earth. As such, it must recommend itself to the defence of both larger-minded and of ardent men, and as it is always the object of the most wicked, or of the most ignorant attacks, there

must always be a great deal to call out partisanship and faction on the part even of its true sons. In proportion as we give way to this temptation we make the Church look like one of the *Parties and Interests of the day*, which is as dangerous an illusion as any to which Protestants are exposed. The Church alone can afford to be either just or generous in her controversies, and that severity of judgment which she alone has also a right to exert can never be so plainly a Divine attribute as when her sons temper it most with a just and generous forbearance.

"I think also that in this matter we owe a debt to the bodies so unhappily separated from us. Every day I think worse of Protestantism as a system, but better of Protestants taken individually. The number of persons who have the plea of invincible ignorance, despite learning and apparently special opportunities, I am convinced is immense. If this be the case, there can be no reason for doubting that very much of supernatural as well as of natural virtue exists among them. I sometimes ask myself whether, in this instance, those who have the few 'talents' have not often traded with them more faithfully than those who have the 'ten.' The real assertors of Private Judgment, and the real enemies at war with the Church, were the *Founders* of Heretical and Schismatical Bodies. With the later generation it is a matter of Tradition, and we cannot guess how much of the Catholic Tradition has blended itself with 'traditions of men,' where good-will exists. Above all, I believe that of all the obstacles to a restoration of Unity *far the greatest* is that presented by the shortcomings of Catholics—not only their sins, but their feebleness, their trivialities, their cowardice, and everything Sectarian in their temper which makes the Church wear for Protestants the disguise of but the oldest and largest 'Sect.' We have an *amende* to make

Protestants in this matter (for we have all the excuses their cramped position and slender lights afford to them). One of our first duties to them is to show them that the Church cannot be *Latitudinarian*, but the second seems to me that of showing that what they think her *Exclusiveness* has no connection either with lack of charity or with a mind which does not fully appreciate and a temper which does not rejoice in whatever is good though outside the Church in individuals who belong to its 'Soul,' or in bodies which do its work even when intending to do it a mischief. But I have run on, forgetting how much of your valuable time I have been running away with. Give us all the remaining volumes of *The Formation of Christendom*, and the world will one day discover what a present was bequeathed to it by one who had little hope of immediate reward.

"Ever yours,

"AUBREY DE VERE."

To this my father replied *more suo :*

"22, PORTMAN STREET,

"*Fest. Purif.*, 1867.

"MY DEAR DE VERE,

"I have read your note repeatedly, but the first impression always remains on my mind that we are at issue on *one* point of considerable importance.

"You write: 'The better the community is, the better its several members must be; for the community is good simply in proportion as it retains the Faith and trains its children to keep the commandments. To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is surely our duty, and what is this but to wish the good of the communities ?'

"Now here I first observe that on your own

hypothesis no one of these communities is simply good, because no one retains the Faith, and no one trains its children to keep the commandments; the utmost that any do is to keep some part of the Faith, and to teach some of the commandments, as, *e.g.*, the Anglican Church teaches the commandments of the two tables, but disjoins from them the evangelical counsels, and absolutely denies these; teaches the unity of the Godhead, but so little teaches the unity of the Church that she has eradicated the idea from the people.

"And this has great bearing on my next point. 'To wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is surely our duty.' To wish this to each individual soul as such, *concedo;* to wish it to each through membership of their several communities, *nego.* What is the utmost spiritual good here? To be brought out of these erring communities into the only true one which teaches no error, and trains to obey all the commandments. Thus to wish the utmost spiritual good to each individual in these separated communities is not coincident with wishing the good of the communities.

"What we ought to wish, we ought to pray for. Now how does the Church express this prayer? She makes the very distinction which I am urging. She prays for the individual in heresy or schism, but never for his community. Thus, on Good Friday: '*Oremus et pro hæreticis et schismaticis; ut Deus et Dominus noster eruat eos ab erroribus universis: et ad sanctam Matrem Ecclesiam Catholicam atque Apostolicam revocare dignetur,*' and then, '*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui salvas omnes et neminem vis perire, respice ad animas diabolica fraude deceptas, ut omni hæretica pravitate deposita, errantium corda resipiscant, et ad veritatis tuæ redeant unitatem.*'

"Thus while you speak of a Catholic joining a Protestant in the wish 'that the proper duties' of a heretical establishment, 'which are those to its own members, should be discharged with the largest spiritual results,' the Church ignores altogether the position of individuals as members of communities set up against herself, and solicits their return as individual souls to the 'unity of the truth.'

"This appears to me to touch the whole core of the matter. Your language in this instance seems to treat heresies and schisms as *belligerents;* the Church treats them as *rebels*, and says to their adherents simply, Come out and be saved.

"When you speak of a heresy having 'duties' to its members, and producing 'spiritual results' (p. 25), you treat it manifestly as a lawful government, whereas from beginning to end it is simply usurpation, as you say in your note elsewhere.

"Thus, again, in your note, corroborating your pamphlet, you say: 'I think, then, not only that we may, but that an enlightened Catholic is *bound* to wish that every separated body should perform to the utmost that its providential position admits its duty to its members, and that this is one of the chief providential means by which the largest number of those members may be either brought out of error, or saved through invincible ignorance.'

"Now you take here a step beyond the former one of making heresies belligerents instead of rebels, and regular governments instead of usurpations; for I conclude that you mean by this emphatic use of the word *providential* something more than what God allows. You mean, perhaps, to assign to heresies something like the *οἰκονομία* which some Greek Fathers assigned to Greek philosophy, as a preparation to the Hellenic race, for the Gospel, and as being a sort of *λόγος σπερματικός*. My view would be somewhat different. In everything which

concerns the Church, *Mater electi generis*, I should see a special providence, and as denials of her faith specially concern her, I should see in every heresy a providence *as respects the Church*. Thus the providential position of each heresy, as one after another rises and incarnates itself in a society, is to stir up the Church to bring out and define more clearly the truth impugned. The providential position of schism is to draw closer the bonds of unity in the Church. In accordance with this view I wish to all heretical bodies throughout the world a self-wrought dissolution through the internal operation of the error on which they are founded; as, *e.g.*, I wish that the Anglican Church may perish and fall to pieces through the operation of the Royal Supremacy, and, more generally, that Protestantism may break and divide itself into numberless sects, through the working of its generative principle, Private Judgment.

"As for any one of these rebellions, after they have once formally constituted themselves, being brought back to the unity of the Kingdom *en masse*, I think history affords us no example of it, and reason as little would lead us to expect it. But never, so far as I know, has the Church allowed that any heresy was in possession of lawful authority; now the correlative of 'duty' is authority. Even in cases where the Church allows that bodies separated from her are in possession of her own divine *dotes*, as Bride, the Sacraments, she denies that they have authority to administer them. How then could she admit that by the exercise of their functions as governments (I mean spiritual governments), 'large spiritual results' should by any possibility follow? She addresses all in these separated bodies as individuals, '*animas diabolica fraude deceptas*': of their being saved by invincible ignorance in the bodies in which they are she never speaks, because,

if saved at all, it would be by grace working in them *in spite* of those bodies, but her own expressed desire is that they should leave those bodies and return '*ad sanctam Matrem.*' But how could the one kingdom ever admit that rebellions parted from her would, as such, be any better because they retained a portion of her laws, or imitated her mode of government? Suppose a commander of great ability detached from a great sovereign, ruling by divine right in very truth, a province of his empire, and governed it with wisdom and energy on the exact principles which he had learnt from his sovereign, would the rebels, his victims, be therefore more likely to return to their lawful sovereign's jurisdiction? Should his subjects see with pleasure their own kingdom's wisdom turned against them? Now this is the aspect in which your original position in p. 24, on which I commented, appears to me. It is indeed an unquestionable truth, in the natural order, that 'the better a community is, the better its several members must be': but is not this principle here controlled by a principle of a superior order, and subordinated to the great supernatural institution of the universe, the creation of the Church? The guilt of heresy and schism is so great that no 'goodness' arising from a part possession of the sacred inheritance can be reckoned against it, as likewise no authority can derive from rebellion.

"Nor does this view involve any harshness towards individuals. You express exactly my own experience of sixteen years when you say, 'Every day I think worse of Protestantism as a system, but better of Protestants taken individually.' There may then be much of supernatural virtue among them; but then it will be because 'the iron filings are attracted by the magnet,' not because their system has any power of the magnet in it. If the Anglican Church be the devil's masterpiece,

does divine virtue pass through his hands, or in spite of him ?

"I have necessarily written here in opposition to *one* point, but I agree with so very much of your letter that you must not think me mainly a contradictor.

"Is it a fact attested by such an experience as will be a ground for a safe induction that conversions take place from separated bodies in proportion to the nearness of the doctrines held by those bodies to the Church ? The Puseyite movement is a very singular one. Which would be easiest or hardest to convert—a community of Kebles or of Martineaus ? Which is most favourable for conversions now, England, or North Germany, or the United States ? Are not the five millions of Catholics in the States more likely to absorb a very large proportion of the Protestant sects than our six or seven millions of Catholics a large proportion of Keble's community by the year 1900 ? If I may judge by my own experience, nobody dies harder, or is more reluctant to be new-born, than an ex-Anglican. It cost me five years of study, prayer, and anxiety enough to drive one mad. Yet when I started I was just where your supposed 'devout Tractarian' stood. And yesterday I was talking with a gentleman brought up a dissenter, who was kicking about the world, as he said, without any religion, and was converted in three days. Every conversion is a mystery by itself; as Faber said, God's dealings with any individual soul, if revealed, would form a Bible in itself. How many converts are there from the Russian and Greek Churches ? None are so near to us. They have even the same type of sanctity as we, which no Protestant community possesses, yet how many come to us ?"

How would these two devoted Catholics have viewed the "Free State"? Will the new Ireland be Irish first, and Catholic next ?

A few years later my father lost the friend who had been the guardian angel of his conversion. The Abbé Pierre Labbé died in May, 1871, just as the Commune was perpetrating the deeds of blood which made martyrs. On May 24, Mgr. Darboy was shot with five others; on May 26 P. Olivaint and his companions were massacred. The Abbé Pierre died on May 25, between the two martyrdoms. He was a man to give his life for his friend.

My brother Basil was a special favourite of Monsieur Labbé. There had been a close and intimate friendship between master and pupil. During his long training at Yvetôt and at St Sulpice, Basil adopted the speech and manner of a Frenchman. He had a very great sense of humour, which might doubtless have surprised Monsieur Labbé. His stories were proverbial and most wittily told. The early piety which so impressed his father in the Launton days developed into a strong vocation to the priesthood. Basil was ordained in 1868, and one of his early missions was at St Peter's, Scarborough. After Canon Walker's death in 1873 Basil came south once more, and was for a time chaplain to the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton. This led incidentally to important results. He was induced to suppose that he might become a Jesuit, and one July day in 1875 my father wrote in his *Journal*: "This day is much to be noted, for on it my dear Basil took leave of us to enter the Jesuit Noviciate at Manresa. . . . Thus the early wish of my heart concerning Basil has been brought about as it would seem, *more divino*."

It appeared, however, that Basil had no vocation for the Society of Jesus. A priest in a noviciate has peculiar trials, and after a short time spent with young novices of eighteen, who heard some funny stories, Basil left Manresa, to remain a priest according to the order of Melchisedech. *Non*

cuivis contingit adire Corinthum. One day he was asked by Fr. Gallwey how he had liked the Noviciate. "Am I to say what I think?" said Basil in reply. "Yes, of course." "Well, then it's a dog's life."

Basil returned to Scarborough after a time, and spent some happy years on the mission with his friend, then Fr. Riddell, as parish priest. It was the holy Curé d'Ars, Blessed Jean Vianney, who foretold her son's future dignity as bishop to Fr. Riddell's mother. The prediction was fulfilled when Fr. Arthur Riddell became Bishop of Northampton.

My brothers, Edward and Cyril, were seeking their fortunes by sheep-farming in Queensland. They started in 1863, and after a series of bad seasons and loss of capital were compelled to return home and begin life afresh. On April 2, 1883, my sister was married to James Lynam Broder at the old St James', *then* in Spanish Place. More verses were written to "Mafra, a Bride."*

My sister's marriage left me alone at home to feed on my mother's lively wit and the marrow of my father's mind.

The publication of *A Life's Decision* in 1880 marked an era in his personal history. The MS. had lain for twenty-five years in a drawer, and would never have seen the light had it not been for my brother Basil. It has met with what the French call a *succès d'estime*, and never with the circulation it deserved. There was an incident connected with the appearance of this book which was well in keeping with its original motto: "I have chosen to be an abject." I allude to a faint-hearted friend who took much savour out of my father's "*Apologia*," and wrung from him these words, which he confided to his Diary: "I felt dazed, as if I was a leper, whose touch would contaminate . . . and I began to

* See Appendix, "To Mafra, a Bride."

repeat, 'Let nothing disturb thee,' etc., to recover courage and think of *τὴν ἀνω πολιν*."

Against the faint-hearted friend, I would set this comforting line from Cardinal Newman: "Your *Life's Decision* is a document, and not to be measured by a market price."*

My father put very much of himself into this book, not forgetting to record occasionally what others said of him. St Augustine's advice, "Hate the error, love the man," was not always before him in speaking of Bishop Wilberforce, nor do I think that he ever arrived at dissociating the crime from the criminal. With him it was too prone to be "hate the error *and* the man."

My mother's part in *A Life's Decision* is expressed in the words of the Dedication: "To my sole partner in these trials." Bishop Gillis had drawn a striking portrait of her in 1862 from a scrap of her handwriting. He said:

"However humble in daily intercourse with those around her, her inward spirit of independence, I could fancy, saying of itself, '*Incedo Regina*,' I live and move a queen! Good-natured and kind. Caring much more for the reality of things than for their outward appearance or expression. Heedless of the '*qu'en dira-t-on*,' and can without effort despise and defy criticism, when she deems it unjust. Would more willingly deal with generalised views of a subject than care to analyse its details. Impulsive and apt to rap out what she thinks or feels without much consideration of those in whose presence she speaks. Though with a great natural fund of good nature, can give a sharp and even harsh reply. Naturally self-willed. Great facility in thought and readiness in words. Naturally active to restlessness. Hastiness in her outward doings. More impressed in music with harmony than with

* Letter of November 26, 1881.

melody, caring more for a grand chorus than an elaborate solo. Free and easy in manner. Sensitiveness great and easily acted upon. Knows how to value eulogy. A good listener when praised; otherwise prefers the more active part of speaker."

Bishop Gillis was correct in his general outlines, only that character became mellowed by grace, and fortitude in all life's trials was grafted upon the natural independence. Twenty years or more later, a woman of humble class, who met my mother for the first time, described her by saying that she was "a real *h*aristocrat." This was the plebeian rendering of the Bishop's classical "*Incedo Regina.*"

The two large volumes in octavo, under the title of *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, appeared shortly before *A Life's Decision*, and contain all my father's strictly controversial writings. To him the Primacy *versus* the Royal Supremacy was the kernel of the whole question, which is one of authority. When asked to name a single book as the best exponent of Catholic doctrine, Cardinal Newman replied: ". . . If I must name one" (book) "which is most likely to meet your requirement, it would be Mr. Allies' *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, an argument in two volumes going into details."

Time will surely prove that my father was right. It is not belief in any one particular dogma which makes the Catholic, but a heart-whole acceptance of the Church as the divinely appointed teacher of eternal truth. When, then, my father seemed to be writing a *pièce de circonstance* in answering Dr. Pusey, he was in reality contributing a valuable treatise on the Ancient Church, and explaining to Anglicans how the possession of true Sacraments did not make the Donatists Catholics. The Fathers themselves are distinguished for *pièces de circonstance*—that is to say, some of their finest writings are nothing else. St Athanasius wrote his masterpieces, *De Incarna-*

tione and *Contra Gentes*, against the Arians, St John Damascene his famous treatise on holy Images against the Iconoclasts, whilst St Augustine saw the Church on every inspired page in order to demolish the "branch" theory of the Donatists. Heresy repeats itself, and it is not necessarily the last word written against it which is the most telling. No special pleading can alter the fact that the power of the Pope's Supremacy was transferred to the Crown of England by Act of Parliament in 1534. The seven treatises contained in *Per Crucem ad Lucem* are obsolete only in so far as the name of Queen Victoria is mentioned. The Royal Supremacy, whether represented by Queen Victoria or King George, is to the Anglican Church what the *Tu es Petrus* is to us.

There would seem to be a perpetual war between nature and grace in the case of a writer: grace tells him to love obscurity, whilst nature urges him to make the best of himself. Thus my father could "note with sadness" that he had done little to overthrow the Protestant tradition of the Papacy, whilst his very effort forced him to lead a life of great mental strain and retirement, a life which kept his old fear of intellectual excellence prominently before him. How can one and the same man kill nature and make the most of it? I have not solved the question, but I am convinced that human ambition may be made the handmaid of grace to produce great things for the glory of God. My father's Diary gives abundant evidence of this process. Thus he writes on October 2, 1880, just about the time of *A Life's Decision*: "Strongly impressed in the night with the false estimate of one's own standing in God's sight, which yearning after intellectual distinction produces. How can I get myself entirely to realise that mental power is of itself no guarantee whatever of Divine acceptance, as little as bodily beauty or

Thomas William Allies at the age of 67

Photographed by Bairaud

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material wealth? It seems to me that even now I have not overthrown completely this idolatry in my heart, which quite engrossed me up to the age of twenty-four, and was the root, I think, of every error and sin. . . ."

Again, in his notes of a retreat made at St Beuno's in August, 1881: "I talked with Fr. Tepe on the high pitch of the third degree of humility, which seems only fitted for the religious life—*e.g.*, in poverty; his answer amounted to this, that it must be applied to each state according to the capacity of that state. Thus a father and husband must desire poverty, suffering, and insult, *in themselves*, as more like to the condition of Christ on earth. . . . What a priceless blessing unfaltering filial confidence in God would be! I hope the fruit of this retreat may be to obtain this gift. It has brought before me vividly the whole texture of my life since I have been Catholic, as a whole. It has one character, in which I certainly recognise the typical character of the present which Pius IX. gave me at Gaeta in 1849.* But while I have responded to the call, it has been too often with half a heart, and with periods of despondency."

At the time of *A Life's Decision* my father spoke of himself in a letter to me as "an old fellow of sixty-seven." He wrote to me in answer to my birthday letter: "I have for fifty years kept my birthday *interiorly*, with great care as a solemn reckoning of time, which comes home to one in that respect more than any day in the year. For, after all, one's private judgment is the great day of assize for oneself, and each birthday marks so much of seed-time gone. The same day I received back from my tutor, Mrs. Carpenter's† portrait of me made just fifty years ago. It was on my first visit

* A very beautiful "Ecce Homo" set in brilliants.

† See Frontispiece.

to London, for I never came here until December, 1829. It is most curious to compare the boy of seventeen with the old fellow of sixty-seven, just done by Mr. Barraud. He is doing it on ivory for M., and I am going to give a copy of *A Life's Decision* with a photograph to each of my *five* (O Master, we are seven). I cannot the least realise myself as Mrs. C. portrays me, but this I felt at once, how very small a proportion of the human race has the opportunity of seeing their own features at seventeen and at sixty-seven. I thought what an ocean of thoughts and actions has rolled between the two periods, and not the tiniest wave has rolled in vain, but for something permanent. Perhaps this has been brought before me still more by my work in the last fortnight, which has been to weave forty-one letters from sixteen correspondents into my narrative. I found some quite forgotten. One from Cardinal Wiseman, dated July 4, 1850, was written to tell me how 'Cardinal Furetti said that the only night of real freedom from melancholy at Gaeta was after Allies and Wynne had been to see his Holiness'; and I found a note from Père de Ravignan written on the first news of my conversion, which is quite a rhapsody of affection. The contrast between different people's feelings on the same occasion is striking enough."

Pope Pius IX was gifted with an extraordinary memory and kindness of heart. At Gaeta, in 1849, Pope Pius gave my father the precious cameo of our Lord, crowned with thorns. In March, 1860, he was again in Rome. "I have accomplished the main object of my journey," he then wrote to my mother, "having had an audience of the Pope on Thursday. He recalled my visit to Gaeta, and asked me whether I had been at Rome since. I told him that I had not been able. 'But you have been well employed at home; you have defended St Peter, so I must give

you St Peter,' upon which he gave me an intaglio of St Peter in red cornelian."

The words "you have defended Peter, so I give you Peter," were as precious as the gift, and they were addressed to one who made the See of Peter the work of his life. Again, in October, 1885, the successor of Pius IX, Pope Leo XIII, conferred upon him the dignity of K.C.S.G. He writes: "I received a summons to attend Cardinal Manning at ten, and had a very complete surprise, for he told me that the holy Father had made me a Commendatore of St Gregory: that he had laid before the holy Father my various works, with the statement that in all the period since the movement I had never swerved from the right side even for a moment, although I had been thrown with those who might have led me to do so, and that this had been a great comfort to him. . . . Now I am past seventy-two years of age, and this mark of honour has been given to me through the exertions of a private friend, Bishop Patterson. I had long ago come to the conclusion that, so far as worldly profit or honour was concerned, no more thankless work than doing what I have been doing for more than a quarter of a century could be followed; but the intellectual work itself has been inspiriting; the internal good reaches the promise of receiving a hundredfold. I am profoundly thankful that this mark of the holy Father will indirectly approve the execution of the design which his predecessor blessed more than twenty-five years ago. I am naturally so φιλοτιμος that I recognise without difficulty this long delay of any approval by the authority which I most venerate, and for which I have most worked, as a fitting divine παιδευσις. What I value is specifically the approval of Peter, who sits and reigns in his own See."

The Brief was received on November 13, and acknowledged by my father directly to Pope Leo.

The letter ends in these words: "Se l'Apostolo San Pietro fosse sulla terra, una lode di Lui sarebbe per me cosa di più stima che tutti i beni terreni. E la stessa cosa la voce di Lui che siede sul trono di San Pietro, a cui i Padri del gran Concilio Chalcedonense dissero già più di quattordici secoli fa, *Petrus per Leonem loquitur*."

St James's does not recognise Papal titles, and only one person addressed my father as "Sir Thomas." This was Dr. George F. Lee of Lambeth, who, it was said, had received true Orders, though conferred without the power of jurisdiction. He became a Catholic in his last hours.

CHAPTER X

1890-1897

"Vere autem felix est, non si id habeat quod amat, sed si id amet quod amandum est."—St Aug. in Ps. xxvi. 2.

MY father's official connection with the Poor School Committee ended in 1890, when he received from that Committee's generosity his full pension of £400 a year. He was "a free man at seventy-seven," and an honoured one. The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before, and the same kind of blessing was my father's. The gnawing anxiety of his early Catholic days was exchanged for peace and plenty. Pope Leo XIII had created him a Knight Commander of St Gregory, bestowing upon him a Brief of approval, and, at eighty years of age, he was to receive a further honour from the holy See, at the generous solicitation of his friend the late Cardinal Vaughan. Leisure was now to be his, and he chose for himself its abode in No. 3, Lodge Place, St John's Wood, which, in 1890, was quiet as a country parsonage. The house then looked on gardens and was removed from traffic. It offered a good room for his library, and very close vicinity to our Lady's Church, Grove Road, where, in the Gallini vault, my little brother, Bernard Joseph, is buried. In former years, No. 3 had been occupied by Lady Doughty, famous in the Tichborne case.

Otium cum dignitate had now arrived for my father. The *otium* meant, of course, *The Formation*

of Christendom, which was really finished in 1895, and it meant a wish, into which he had put his whole heart. The struggle of mind and heart, of calm reason against impetuous feeling, makes up the probation of life. Mind and heart, when set upon God, constitute the peace of the saints and of the holy souls; suffering will not ruffle that waveless sea. Hitherto my father had been a man of books, and he had even written on the "Virginal Life." It is true that he was always held by a beautiful face, or what appeared beautiful to him, and repelled by an ugly one. If, then, he was a "free man at seventy-seven," he was also *qualis ab initio ;* having a heart's desire as well as an intellectual one, he pursued it with all his mind.

Lodge Place was chosen instead of Church Row, Hampstead. All preliminaries, except the actual signing of the lease, had been concluded for taking No. . . . , Church Row, when my father accidentally discovered that the house was haunted. A murder had been committed on the premises, and it was said that there were apparitions. On the advice of his solicitor, my father paid a fine of £80 to be released from the ghostly house. It was afterwards under the observation of the Psychical Society, but the voice of holy Church in exorcism would be needed against the powers of darkness. Lawyers are occasionally more discriminating than the law, which does not recognise ghosts, and my father's fears were not laughed to scorn.

On August 11, 1890, Cardinal Newman was called out of this world. In *Gerontius*, as one inspired, he has described the last hour, and the merging of time into eternity. My father's *Journal* duly notes the great "passing." He writes:

"*August* 16, 1890.—This week has been occupied by one event: the departure from us of the great and noble spirit whom I have looked up to as a

Master; who, fifty years ago, by his writings, drew me out of that wild radicalism which I had brought back with me from my *Wanderjahre* in Italy. I have been thinking again and again of the life which he presented last Monday to the all-seeing Judge whom he has so deeply loved and so faithfully served, and of the reward which he has received for it. Subsidiary to this is the thought that before long I must stand before the same Judge myself."

Again, on the funeral day at Edgbaston: "The Requiem began at eleven. . . . I was possessed the whole time with the thought of John Henry Newman and his glorious life as a witness of the truth. And his death enabled me to realise my own, which cannot be far off, in a more striking way than I ever did before. I thought how soon I should lie down, as he now lies, and see what he said long ago, that there are but two beings for every man—God and his own soul. The service was beautifully done; the *Dies Iræ* especially pleased me: the voice which gave the verses solo very clear and distinct. The Bishop of Clifton's sermon in the first part chronological: in the second he made some admirable quotations from J. H. N., one unknown to me, contrasting the heathen with the Christian Anglo-Saxon, and in the latter describing, as the preacher said, his own character: also the verses, 'Weep not for me when I am dead,' etc., and he concluded begging prayers for him, and addressing the angels to receive him. He all but broke down several times, and the sincerity of the sermon was its greatest force."

My father survived Cardinal Newman thirteen years, ever the poorer for the loss of his friend, and the richer for the fragrance of that great memory. To have known Cardinal Newman intimately was, as it were, to have known a Father of the Church, and not the least. In his letters, Cardinal Newman recalls St Augustine, whose letters are treatises. On

one occasion my father was staying at Aldenham with Lord Acton the historian. Döllinger was of the party, and discussions were rife. They were talking one day of Bossuet and Newman, as to their relative greatness, when my father gave it as his opinion that "twenty Bossuets would not make one Newman." Comparisons are odious, but surely only one man could have produced *Gerontius*, and he not even *l'aigle de Meaux*.

In November, 1890, then, he once more found himself at St John's Wood, close to the Priory, North Bank, and to our Lady's Church, where he had laid little Bernard Joseph so many years before. At the beginning of his Catholic life he had known the struggle to live: at Lodge Place the nature of the conflict had changed. At seventy-seven he was still a fighting man, because both mind and heart were young, and he had not survived all his enthusiasms.

He won his heart's desire on January 21, 1891, the day of my brother Cyril's marriage to Kathleen Lillie. Mrs. Cyril Allies went to share my brother's island kingdom of Innishbofin, a queen of three short years. From 1894, when "Kathleen" was called suddenly from this world, every year was marked by a death amongst those near and dear to my father. His own increased loneliness never made him forget the happiness of those "who die in the Lord." His mind at all times dwelt much on the thought of the Master's greeting to his loved ones, *Euge, serve bone et fidelis*.

In the spring of 1893 a great joy came to him through his faithful friend Cardinal Vaughan, as a note of "*joyeux avènement*." This was the gold medal for merit, which is, I believe, the greatest distinction conferred on laymen by the holy See. My father was called upon to receive it at Archbishop's House on April 3, 1893, upon the Cardinal's first

public reception as Archbishop of Westminster. "There is no doubt that this testimony of approbation received from the living Peter fills up a great gap in my heart," wrote my father in his *Journal*. He expressed his mind in a very characteristic letter to Pope Leo, of which I kept a copy:

"Beatissime Pater,

"Nescio qua lingua reddere Sanctitati Tuæ possim gratum animum quo me affecit laus cum benedictione juncta Cardinalis Vaughan, Archiepiscopi Westmonasteriensis. Verba enim quibus me decoravit, et donum pretiosissimum quod mihi portavit, sunt Sanctitatis Tuæ. Hæc mihi triginta annorum labores, curas, studia, mirifice rependent. Unum solum mihi solatium, hodierni Petri verbum in votis erat. Hoc contigit. Ea ipsa quæ ingenium Germanis et Gallis scriptoribus accuunt, studium et multitudo legentium, infortunio temporum nobis Anglis pæne absunt. Quæ occupant Hibernos agri sunt, non libri. Apud Anglos Catholicos cultorum hominum paucitas impedit ne historiæ etiam principali multi dent mentem. Ecclesiæ autem Anglicanæ asseclæ aures obstruunt ne errores Lutherani et Calvinistæ sanentur. Sanctitatis vero Tuæ Epistola ad Cardinales de Luca, Pitra, Hergenröther, anno 1883, summo me gaudio perfudit, cum perspicerem me illa ipsa proposita per viginti annos diligenter pro viribus secutum esse. Liceat ergo mihi pro summo vitæ premio usque ad extremum halitum Verbum Tuum donumque gremio amplecti.

"Sanctitatis Tuæ Servus et Filius,

"Thos. W. Allies."

"Die 28 Aprilis, 1893."

We heard through private sources that this letter had interested the holy Father and given him pleasure. Newman became a Prince of the Church

at seventy-nine, and my father was eighty when he received his gold medal in the evening of his laborious life. I had used the phrase in writing about him to Cardinal Hergenröther, *im Abend eines mühevollen Lebens.*

I have said that *The Formation of Christendom* had a rival in his heart. His great affection for his daughter-in-law prompted him to visit her in her island home of Innishbofin, County Galway. Accompanied by a cousin, who was a medical man, he set out in August, 1893. The visit proved all but fatal to him. He was brought home to us with great difficulty at the end of October, and he never again left Lodge Place. In the following February, 1894, my sister-in-law died quite suddenly, and my father, who had so nearly died on his visit to her, survived her through long years. "I think the sorrow of the mind has passed on in its effects to the body," wrote my father in his *Journal* of a time when the angel might have said to him as to Elias, "Thou hast yet a great way to go." He had to see the young depart before him, and to feel in his inmost soul the cruel blows of death year after year until the end.

A learned pastime of these years was a short poem of 650 lines on "The Birth, Growth, and Suicide of a Heresy," in which my father took great delight. They are sharp, historical, and witty, with the stores of his learning, musings, and experience. It may not be always expedient to state even facts, especially when they present an irresistible sense of humour.

> "Erasmus said of Error's first-born son,
> 'Ends the true faith in carrying off a nun?'
> And faithful to his patriarch still we see
> Each 'father' with his bridal company.
> For all beliefs, or none, they vainly strive;
> But this at any rate they do—they wive."

The satire pointed at matrimony, which Reformers strove to divest of its sacramental character,

might fail to divert Anglican readers, and so the deep piety of the poem might be lost upon them. Thus he writes of England:

> "From end to end the love of Mary bound
> Her realm in joyousness and peace profound.
> Each shrine throughout her land in sweet accord
> Proclaim'd its own the Mother of the Lord.
> That isle was Mary's casket, wherein shone
> Devotion of all hearts to Mary's Son."

The work on *The Monastic Life* was a restful labour for his afflicted spirit. Aubrey de Vere made a valuable suggestion with regard to the vows of religion. It must be admitted that my father favoured the one vow to the detriment of the remaining two. "The work" [*The Monastic Life*], wrote Aubrey de Vere, "would be greatly benefited, I think, if the two other monastic vows, those of Poverty and Obedience, were enlarged upon by you with the same deep philosophy and pervading eloquence as belong to what you have written on the 'Virginal Life.' I have just finished a renewed perusal of it, and went on marking on the margin the passages which especially delighted me, till I feared that the marks were becoming so numerous as to lose their discriminative character. It is far the most philosophic treatise I have seen on that subject, and brings vividly before one the grandeur of that position which man was intended to hold in God's creation, and of which he was deprived by the Fall.

"When you come to the vow of 'Poverty,' you will have to deal with one of the saddest of paradoxes—viz., the mode in which Individual Poverty, by the very admiration which it created, became *united with a Corporate property* so vast as to constitute probably the chief danger to the Church, its excessive wealth. If only an effectual Reform could

have come in time from within—that is, from several successive Hildebrands as well as from the Franciscan and Dominican Orders—I suppose that the so-called 'Reformation' of the sixteenth century would never have occurred. When you come to the third vow, that of 'Obedience,' it will open out to you the whole region of Catholic 'Mysticism,' and enable you at the same time to record the wonderful external work done in the world and over all the nations of the world by the labours of the great missionaries who had renounced the world."

The work is best described in two characteristic letters of his own to the friend of his spirit. The first is dated from Lodge Place, May 2, 1895:

"My dear De Vere,

"I am just finishing a volume on *The Monastic Life, from the Fathers of the Desert to Charlemagne.* It has nine chapters, and is very nearly the bulk of *Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood.* Newman accepted the first three, and Leo XIII the last three. Would you listen to an old man's last wish on the next page?

"Very truly yours,

"T. W. Allies."

"The last wish" refers to the Dedication, which was accepted, and drew from my father the second letter as follows:

6th May, 1895.

"My dear De Vere,

"I cannot well tell you how great is my delight at your hearty acceptance of my Dedication. I felt in sending it that I was indeed doing my little all in trying to show my thankfulness, for there is really no one who has shown me, since the publication of my first volume—which came out just thirty

3, LODGE PLACE,

ST JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON. N.W.

May 2. 1895

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FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER TO AUBREY DE VERE

To face page 184.

To Aubrey de Vere

Who welcomed my first effort to trace
the work of Church in the single human
soul, and year after year has cheered
me by a mind which knows and
a heart which feels the scope of the
task pursued by me, I offer this last
attempt to mark the completed
fabric of the Divine Kingdom when
the voice of Peter which received
Cornelius gathered Christendom together
in the Monastic Life

May 2 1895

FAC-SIMILE OF A DEDICATION TO AUBREY DE VERE

To face page 154.

years ago, at the time of Cardinal Wiseman's death—the encouragement which you have done. But that you should accept this little offering of gratitude on my part in such a spirit is quite another thing. It reminds me of the exchange noted in the famous Homeric line—*χρυσεα χαλκειων, ἑκατομβοι ἐννεαβοιων.*

" Here is the slightest sketch of my nine chapters. The first is an almost complete translation of that famous life of St Anthony, issued by St Athanasius in 365, which carried the knowledge of the monastic life to all the West, was the cause, among innumerable conversions, of St Augustine's, when he heard the effect of it upon two young courtiers, and their *promesse spose.*

" The second gives monastic life in the fourth century, from the words of St Basil; his friend, St Gregory; St Chrysostom, in his parallel between the monk and the king; St Ambrose, quoting the words of Pope Liberius to his sister, in giving her the veil at St Peter's in A.D. 362, and calling her the Bride of Christ; most of all in St Jerome and St Augustine, and his example in making his house a monastery.

" The third giving the spread of the cœnobitic institute, and its effects on the Church, followed by the contrast during 200 years, from A.D. 323, between the dissolution of the Empire and the consolidation of the Church, to the death of Theodoric in 526.

" The fourth brings in the blessing of St Benedict, and the marvellous conversion of the Gallic monasteries proceeding from him and St Columban, and the action of St Gregory in approving his rule.

" The fifth gives the two conversions of St Patrick and St Augustine, and here I owe to your *Legend of St Patrick* and other writings very much indeed. I have had nothing more at heart than to speak of the three great centuries of the Irish missioners.

" The sixth is entitled ' The Monks make England.'

" The seventh, ' Three Nuns of Odin's Race, Hilda, Elfleda, and Ethelreda.'

" These two chapters rest throughout upon Bede.

" The eighth is St Boniface and Germany, the Legate of the four Popes, St Gregory II (whom Baronius equals to Gregory the Great), St Gregory III, St Zacharias, and St Stephen II. Winfred-Boniface is indeed the chiefest glory of the Anglo-Saxon race.

" The ninth is ' The Holy See from Attila to Charlemagne,' to show that it is *one time* from Leo I *turning back* Attila, to Leo III *placing* Charlemagne. How the Popes for 350 years suffered the greatest convulsion which human things have undergone, and reduced to be Primates in a captive-garrisoned city under distant despots working through an Exarchal Vice-royalty, fought four times over the battle of the Church, conquered the Acacian schism, the Arian predominance, the Monothelite contest for fifty years, the Iconoclastic contest for another fifty, and the ' Saracen life,' which they resisted through the ' monastic life,' to which we owe that Christendom prevailed.

" And so we got Christian monarchy instead of Haroun Al Raschid, and the home of Nazareth instead of the harem.

" Are you coming to London this spring ?

" Yours very gratefully,

" T. W. Allies.

" You have *post*-dated me by two years. I was eighty-two last February."

The Monastic Life was finished and published in 1895. It is the eighth and last volume of *The Formation of Christendom.*

As long as that great work was not completed I felt a sort of security in my father's life. I thought God would leave him long enough to finish his defence of the holy See. At this time, 1895-96, he did not himself consider that his life's work was finished, nor was it, only it was no longer *The Formation of Christendom.* We were both mistaken. Looking back, I can see the process of detachment: how it began in the repeated blows of death, and how it ended in a yet sharper isolation, after his writing and reading days were over, and he had to bear the burden of great infirmities and loneliness of spirit.

In the autumn of 1895 his pleasant musings over St Benedict's peace were disturbed by keen anxiety about his loved grandchild Mafra Broder.*

Mafra had been the light of her home since her babyhood. She was now eleven, and a pupil at the Convent of the Holy Child, St Leonards. Meningitis set in, with its rapid unconsciousness, and on the night of November 14 the nuns walked in procession from the Convent to the Priory, in order to kneel round Mafra's deathbed. Those die young whom the gods love, said heathen wisdom. God called this one in his love, and Mafra's heart was all his. She was buried at Ore Cemetery, Hastings, after a solemn Mass of Requiem sung by the nuns in the beautiful chapel where Mafra had so often knelt in devout prayer. The inscription on the stone crucifix marking her grave speaks of her as " eleven years old in earthly life; as daughter, niece, and grandchild equally dear; dearest as crowned with eternal life."

Just a year after Mafra's early home-going, death came again to take the youngest of the family, Mary Winifred Allies. My brother Cyril's two little girls, Monica and Winnie, were on a visit to Lodge

* The combined names of Mary and Frances.

Place. They arrived from Bofin in September, 1896, and there was no suspicion of illness till November 14, the anniversary of Mafra's death, when Winnie fell suddenly sick. Acute gastritis declared itself, and for a whole fortnight Winnie's suffering was excruciating. "Oh, the pain!" was the constant cry which came from her poor little lips. At last the long agony of twelve hours set in, without one moment of unconsciousness, and Winnie was crowned on the morning of November 29, 1896. She was not quite four years old.

CHAPTER XI

1897-1903

"Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala, quoniam tu mecum es."—Ps. xxii.

MY father was eighty-four on February 12, 1897. He entered on a sorrowful year, which brought for him the descent into the valley of the shadow, when earth recedes and heaven seems still far off and dim. He had already seen Kathleen, Mafra, and Winifred depart before him, but 1897 was marked by a bitterer loss, and was the beginning of that long and intimate detachment which ended only in his own death. Suffering is doing and greater than doing. Our Lord worked more wonders for us in the ignominy of his Passion than during his active ministry, and so is it with his faithful servants in all ages. My father's activity as a writer was nearly over, and he had lost the power of influencing others by his presence, because he was becoming too infirm to leave home. He exercised, unknown to himself, the influence of the solitaries who left the world to better it in bettering themselves.

Up to the end of April, 1897, he was able to hear Mass. On the 28th, he heard it for the last time. Six years without Mass were surely a forecast of purgatory. On April 29 he had what the doctor called a threatening of a stroke, and lost for a time the use of his right hand, together with the power of movement.

My brother, Basil, had come over from Innishbofin to pay us a long visit, and the support of his presence was much needed; yet, for reasons clear to us afterwards, he brought no sunshine. He seemed weighed down by an extreme depression of spirits out of proportion with the physical strength he displayed in taking long walks. He did not know how to meet the trial of seeing his father confined powerless to bed and often unable to talk. He was kind without being resourceful, and as soon as the doctor spoke hopefully of my father, returned to the island home which so fascinated him, but only, as it appeared, to die. When the old man of eighty-four became convalescent, the younger one succumbed to a sudden seizure. I went to Boulogne for a few days in July, and scarcely heard of illness. A telegram of three words, cruel in their brevity, apprised me of Basil's death on the 17th, and I hurried home, fearful for my father, who, outwardly calm, never recovered from this terrible blow. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and I have always supposed that my brother's approaching end was the shadow apparent in his intercourse with us. I say *apparent*, but it was less so to my father than to anyone in the house, and Basil's memory remained to him most precious to the end. He speaks in his Diary of his "seventy subjects of thanksgiving after Mass." After the gift of the faith itself, he thanked God for nothing so much as for Basil. With his restored right hand he continued his Diary, and in it at a later date he writes these touching pages to Basil's memory:

"*Feb.* 12, 1900.—A day much to be remembered, for I am eighty-seven. All the reasons for thankfulness in the years, especially since Fr. Newman received me into the Church in 1850, press themselves upon me. My whole life in these now fifty years is as one perpetual song, *Misericordias*

Domini in æternum cantabo. Next to the gift of the Faith itself, which is the greatest of wonders to me to think upon, comes the gift of a son, my ever dear Henry Basil, endowed with a vocation to the priestly life, and the carrying out that vocation through twenty-nine years, from 1868 to 1897, and his holy death helping his brother Cyril under a great bereavement at Bofin, and the ten thousand mercies which sprang out of that vocation to us, his parents. The thought of these mercies overpowers me altogether. Again, the thought that I have witnessed the two great pontificates of Pius the Ninth and Leo XIII spreading over fifty-three years, and that I have seen the meeting of a General Council summoned from the ends of the earth, and the seal of the perpetual Peter impressed upon it; that both these Peters have blessed me. I am continually dwelling on the blessings contained in these thoughts."

There is joy in remembrance, and it is an abiding joy as long as the power of memory remains. The autumn of 1897 brought with it the loss of the cousin who had accompanied my father to Bofin in 1893, and the sudden death of another cousin who had been his co-executor for years in the administration of a trust.

On November 26, 1897, he writes: " This morning, heard from Eva (Sheppard) of Henry Sheppard's death yesterday morning at one-forty. It was so sudden that it amounted to *consternation* on my mind. . . . How strangely I have been kept at nearly eighty-five, while Basil at fifty-three and Henry Sheppard at fifty-one have both been taken away. What to do to replace each of them in their special function I have not been able yet to see."

The year 1898 was marked by the loss of intimate friends who were as near and dear as blood relations.

In March, it was Fr. Eyre who passed away, leaving in my father's life a memory of great sympathy and kindness. He should have had an angel Raphael for the journey's end, for the angelic greeting *Gaudium sit tibi semper* was what he seemed to need. In the days of his comparative strength he used to say to me, " How the angels must wonder that we can love anyone but God," and now each who went, however apparently necessary, showed him that the angels' love alone is strong as death.

Two years after Basil's death my father was once more so infirm in body that his very hours seemed numbered. He was confined to his bed when again death visited us with appalling suddenness. My eldest brother Edward had been for months stretched on a sick bed at our house, and brought through a severe illness by the most skilful treatment and good nursing. He had left us, when sufficiently recovered, to return to his former quarters at Bayswater. There, on the evening of Friday, June 2, he was seized with sudden illness. At one o'clock on Sunday he was carried into our house, and as it proved, only in time to die. He passed away in a syncope soon after four o'clock, and Canon Delaney, who happened to be in the house on my father's account, was hastily summoned to be present at Edward's death. The violence of the sickness prevented the administration of the holy Viaticum. He was anointed on the morning of his death at Bayswater, and this was his sole warning of the approaching end. Within a few moments of the last, he spoke to me quite naturally. It was on June 4, 1899, that Edward died. He had a sudden call to leave all; my father's was to be left. Which is the harder ?

After giving us great anxiety during the summer of 1899, he again revived, but his Diary shows signs of failure. I shall give here almost the last

entry, which is an admirable summary of his whole life. He writes in a hand trembling yet still legible: "The *moral* conversion was complete when I came to Launton in February, 1842. The *intellectual* conversion must be added to the *moral*, and it dates from November, 1845, when the study of Newman's *Development* is become the all-embracing struggle of five years, which ended in my becoming a Catholic in September, 1850. It was the complete overthrow of my life viewed as to its *temporal* condition. As to its *spiritual* condition, this is a *triple* conversion which is due from beginning to end to the most unmerited grace of God, and when I look back upon it, and ponder on its undeservedness, I am struck with astonishment at God's munificence. Great injury would be done unto this munificence of God if the conversion were considered less than *triple—moral, intellectual,* and *religious*. It pursued a certain continuous and logical course. If I were taken at twenty-four years of age, in February, 1837, nothing could be conceived as more improbable. *At one and the same time* it became *moral* and *intellectual* and *religious*. Nothing could be more irreligious than my state, May 17, 1837. That triple conversion was completed when, on September 11, 1850, I frankly gave up all my chance of success in life by becoming a Roman Catholic.

"On a great occasion—*dixit Petrus ad Jesum: Ecce nos reliquimus omnia et secuti sumus te: quid ergo erit nobis? Jesus autem dixit illis: Amen dico vobis, omnis qui reliquerit domum vel fratres, aut sorores, aut patrem, aut matrem, aut uxorem, aut filios, aut agros, propter nomen meum, centuplum accipiet et vitam æternam possidebit.* On September 11, 1850, I was thirty-seven years of age; on February 14, 1900, when I am writing this, I am two days past eighty-seven. I note these great

blessings which have come to me. First, the gift of the true faith itself: an audience of Pio Nono himself, in his exile at Gaeta; words of blessing spoken to me; a gift of our Lord himself, in a cameo, made to me. . . . I therefore note the verification of our Lord's promise, *Centuplum accipiet*, in one thing most marked from that time to this present time, the gift of inward peace. It is the planting in my heart his own *pax*. No gift of wealth or distinction of any kind, or possessing any friends or relations, is equal to that *pax* viewed as the settled habit of the soul, and especially as the forerunner and anticipation, so to say, of the future sight of glory, when we shall see our Redeemer as he is. The possessing this inward gift amid all outward circumstances answers, I think, exactly to the *centuplum accipiet*, so far as it concerns this present life, and keeps for the life to come, *vitam æternam possidebit*. The contrast between this *pax* and one's whole state in Anglicanism serves the better to establish what marks the Christian life."

He wrote the last entry in his Diary in 1900. What remained to him of life was sorrow and infirmity; the gradual descent into the valley of death, a lengthened process of leaving and being left. The autumn of 1900 was saddened by a new and sharp anxiety. Once more he whose tenure of life was so feeble had to watch the younger man go before him. My brother-in-law, James Broder, was seized with illness of a serious nature, for it soon became evident that we should not save him. A cruel operation offered, it was said, a slight chance of partial recovery; it was performed in December by Sir F. Treves, but did not prolong life for one day. His words in dying were, "I wish to die as a Christian," and he had his wish, for it would be impossible to witness a more touching departure from this world. He, too, was brought to Lodge Place,

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES IN HIS LAST DAYS

Photographed by Angela Broder

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but after death, on December 31, 1900, in the last hour of the year. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when we received my dear brother-in-law's coffin. I can well remember the silent house at that mysterious hour, and looking upon the calm features of one who had well earned his eternal rest. The next day, New Year's Day, 1901, dawned sorrowfully for us. Shortly after we had laid James Broder in his grave, my dear father appeared to be once more in his last hours. He was anointed, with a slight protest, for he did not believe himself to be dying, nor did I. He was eighty-eight, and reserved, feeble as he was, for the crowning sorrow of losing my mother. At the end of 1901 she caught a chill which told seriously on a frame weakened by age and cares. The doctor saw her one morning in the drawing-room, and ordered her at once to bed, suggesting at the same time that she should call the priest. It was sudden, sharp, and agonising for us who watched her through alternating hopes and fears. She died after one week's illness, hardly realising it herself, or only dimly, as is the wont of the dying. I may say that the *Gloria Patri* was the prayer of her agony, and it fitly resumed her life of fortitude and faith. She was never tired of thanking God for her blessings, even for her deafness, which she said was a light trial. It fitted her for heaven by withdrawing her from the things of earth, so that for many years before her end she was most truly buried with Christ in God. She passed away at 11.30 a.m. on January 24, 1902. My father, who could not see her on account of his own infirmity, was kept in ignorance of his loss until the evening, when I broke it to him, suggesting that she had been possibly many hours with God. Her beauty revived in death, and even increased until the last moment of final separation. Deafness had gradually robbed her of her brightness, and made her life very

lonely. To her I have often applied Dante's exquisite line—

"Da quel martirio venni a questa pace."

It is usual to say of the dead that they look peaceful; *she* looked in possession of Dante's *pace*.

There was no marked change in my father during that sad year; he maintained his low level of strength, and showed a certain interest in people and things. He was keenly alive to the blow of losing, within twenty-four hours of each other, his two most intimate friends. The Bishop of Emmaus, Dr. Patterson, died on December 1, and Mr. J. H. Pollen on December 2. His library at Lodge Place witnessed many silent hours of sorrowing thoughts for those who left him. I think he had now survived all the friends of his own generation. Aubrey de Vere's death had occurred at the same time as my mother's, on January 21, 1902. His generous kindness had been as a soft gulf stream to a spirit often tried by the ice of dull comprehensions and no enthusiasm.

The few months still remaining brought yet greater and more intimate separations. On his ninetieth birthday, February 12, 1903, a marked change became apparent in all his being. There seemed to be so little of his personality left, and yet he was quite himself. Cardinal Vaughan came to see him in March, and it was some time before the Cardinal succeeded in conveying his identity. They never met on earth again. His pen had long ceased to write; he could speak only with difficulty; his legs would not carry him. His eyes and ears were affected; he could no longer use his missal or his Greek Testament. His whole being was silent in the depths of the mysterious valley, and so death found him. On June 13, an attack of *rigor* set in, from which, however, he rallied slightly. After a few days

of anxious watching, and two receptions of the holy Viaticum, he passed away at 2 a.m. on June 17, 1903. There was no spoken farewell, nor anything which I could take to myself as a last word, and I looked upon the silent consummation as the completion of his work. Six years of infirmity and powerlessness made up what was wanting for the perfection of that noble mind.

He is buried at St Mary Magdalen's, Mortlake. His grave is marked by a crucifix in stone, and his inscription is the last recorded on the scroll at the foot of the cross.

Ossa in Christi misericordia quiescentia.

. . . .

THOMÆ GUGLIELMI ALLIES

Qui olim pastor Anglicanus
In amœnis collocatus
Elegit magis abjectus esse in domo Domini.
Facta abjuratione 11 Sept. 1850
In arctam incidit sanctæ crucis viam.
Per annos 53 non sibi vixit
Dum scriptis ingenio vitaque haud paucos
ad Petram adduxerit.
Meruit et ipse a Petro gratia Papæ Leonis XIII honorari.
Quem tandem longo ex itinere fessum
Ætatis suæ 90
Vocavit Deus in patriam die 17 Junii 1903.
Requiescat in pace.

APPENDICES

I

Latin Verses written by T. W. A. at Seventeen

FELICIS Syriæ Lebanon quà dividit oras
Centum adyta, centumque urbes, sua florea regna
Semper honore Deum pulchras, Cytherea dicavit.
Præcipue lætata Pyro dea mille juvandi,
Mille nocendi artes docuit; deducere classes
Vulcani procudere opes; quatere oppida bello
Marmoreas aptare domos, populumque volentem
Ardua per cœli terræque marisque cœgit.
Hinc opus aggredior: lapsæ vos surgite turres,
Et vetus infractis accedat gloria rebus;
Sic Musæ voluere duces: At origine primâ
Urbem scire nefas: fugit memorabilis ordo
Annorum; sed matris habet sibi nomina Sidôn.
Fani neque Chaldæa lustrabat corpora cœlo
Insomnis vates; et nuda in rupe sedebat.
Parva Salem—Medium Syriæ tenet insula litus,
Ipsa horrens et glauca undis: sed portus utrumque
Turritique nitent scopuli; tum pandit odores
Terra adversa sinus, nebulæque obductus amictu
Extremâ niveus Lebanon se attollit in ora.
Hic sedem rauco pubes Sidonia ponto
Extulit: et solide molimine desuper horret.
Altior ascendens rupes: miratur ab alto
Nauta maris dominam, et medio nova mœnia fluctu.
Ipsa, noti Boreæque undis inflexa, theatrum
Hinc, aperitque illinc, et templis templa coronat
Bacchia circumdans ponto, terramque fatigans
Turribus, alta Tyros roseo velut edita fluctu,
Et proprii regina maris. Tum mille carinæ

Incedunt reduces. Eoaque thura, vel aurum
Pontibus exponunt: stant æquore mille profundo,
Expectantque vices:—longæ sic arma cohortes
Explicuêre ante ora ducum; cursu atque recursu
Alter et alter adest;—sonat undique vocis imago
Dissona; marmoreis resonant freta consita templis.
Desuper, ad virides hortorum effusa recessus,
Luxuriem tenerosque juventus spirat amores;
Per mare dum prono fulgentes sole columnas,
Et cœlum, et terras, et pontum prospicit omnem.
Nam quot adorato nemorum de tegmine surgunt.
Æriæ circum times, urbemque coronat.
Tot densa stipant fastigia summa catervæ
Atque hinc marmoreum spatiantur et inde per æquor,
Albas purpureo vestes circumdata limbi
Omnis turba micat: Aretes premit aurea talos
Bractea, et Arabri fulget coma passeris alâ.
Necnon et patriæ texunt umbracula palmæ
Quæ manibus, quæ fronte, gerant: plantisque nitentes
Subjiciunt soleas, gressumque imitantur Amoris.
Ceruleæ circum, proles Eoa, columbæ
Umbrigeras volitant per aquas, ubi lotus amœni
Eminet e fluctu, calamusque, et cinnama terrâ
Nardus oletque suâ: gelidive sub iride fontis,
Puniceas interve crocos et grata morantur
Frigora:—At Herculei, summo de vertice, templi
Amati fulgent apices, quos spectat ab alto
Nauta redux, solidique fores immane patescunt
Nulla hominum effigies intus, nec nota Deorum,
Religione patrum; media sed in æde smaragdus
Sola viret, servatque focos primæva vetustas.
Certum marmoreæ prope littora celsa columnæ
Sole micant; medio quæcunque est insula ponto
Europen Libyamque inter, quæcunque vel arctos
Suspicit appositas, vel Cancri sidera sentilt,
Supplicibus ramis aderant, et dona ferebant.
Huc Stanni molem, ferruginemque metallum
Miserat, et natos immania vincla gementes
Cassiteris:—Torvos oculos aversa tenebat
Fratrum picta cohors. Illi nemora avia Divæ,
Sacriferasque Monæ quercus, et sparsa per umbras

Secum tecta gemunt, proles ubi barbara luget
Servitio, matrum viduis amplexibus hærens.
Quid Tarsum auriferam memnem, pretiosaque flentis
Dona Tagi, et semper prædam sine vindice terram ?
Necnon et patriæ referunt sua munera Pœni:
Fulget odoratis aurumque et purpura velis;
Auro interlucent vestes: certoque quotannis
Tempore rostratis conscendit navibus æquor
Punica Sidoniis virgo socianda maritis.—
Jam lætos subeunt portus, jam litora tangunt,
Ventis compositis, velut oceanitides alba;
Circum omnis tremulo suspirat amore juventus.
Tenuia et Ægypti laturas carbasa quercus
Cernere erat sectas carmeli in vertice pinus;
Quasque cedros Libanon, quas roscibus educat Hermon.
Lucet ebur transtris, Italoque sedilia buxo,
Assyriis operata fabris, nec inhospita rubri
Unda maris non sensit onus quum mitteret Indus
Nigram ebenum et patrios spoliaret culmine lucos,
Nec Berœa viros tantum, neque Adonidis arces
Byblos, et Ægeâ si quæ caput extulit undâ
Insula, dant; procul Æthiopum tremuêre nivosi
Marte novo colles, ardens tibi militat omnis
Media, sidonisque affigens cuspida muro
Lydia cornipedum turmas submittit aquarum.
Quid Syrios referam calices, aut alba Damasci:
Vellera ? quin liquidam prælo tibi torquet olivam
Melque, et odorifero de cortice balsama fundit,
Flaventesque manu largâ decupit aristas
Dives opum Judæ, memor quo tempore cedros
Præbuerat Libanon, templo decora alta futuro,
Quas Tyriæ finxêre manus; namque ipsa fabrili
Noverat arte Tyrus spirantia ponere signa,
Æratas et opes, et flavo lumen ab auro.
Ah ! modo supremo si vota precesque Parenti
Sponte suâ, propriâ fidens pietate, dedisset !
Non contemptâ adeo ploraret sceptra neque unquam
Aurata mediis cecidissent fluctibus ædes !
Judæa quoties ausa insultare jacenti
O Tyrus, avectos cives, inculta videbas
Jugera, fraternis velut altior ipsa ruinis,

Hinc tibi tempestas toto densissima cœlo
Exiit: hinc squalent exutæ murice matris.
Quid labor aut inventa juvant ? quid adire supremos
Classe notos, Boreæque udis insistere regnis ?
Citrina quid domibus laquearia ? quid gravis auri
Pondera, et argenti, aut alienis fœtus ab agris ?
Ipse Deus vindex, instat Deus; ille vel Indos
Movit et Assyrios: quot nigra ad litora fluctus
Turbatum ventis mare concitat, æquore ut alto
Nox ruit, armatis tot gentibus ultima tellus
Fluctuat; alipedum flatus jam auditur equorum.
  Illa sedet, pumosque, velut Dea, poscit honores,
Nec lituos audit, mare nec consurgere magnum
Sentit, et aquoreas in mœnia vertice moles.
Hostis adest, rapite arma, viri ! dat euntibus ingens
Ipse viam Lebanus; siccataque flumina et atrum
Aera funereis incendunt ignibus urbes.
Quin age, victrices, si quis pudor, instrue classes,
Undis crede tuis, mollesque abrumpe choreas !
Dividit Assyrius muros, validâque bipenni
Lamberas portas, tractis per strata quadrigis
Summam urbem superat. Fato tum læta subipso
Palmiferum Judæa nigris caput exserit arvis,
Exultatque sono. Talis divina per æquor
Vox ibat, " cecidisse Tyrum ": tam sævus equorum
Pulsus inhorruerat, per strata viasque mentûm.
  Audite hinc gemitus, et quæ non insula fatum
Intremuit, summoque e vertice quassa resedit ?
Insolitâ stupuit longinqua per æquora famâ
Carthago; tercentum urbes complexa nepotum
Audiit exhaustas sub gurgite Græcia turres.
Fata tremit propiora, et inevitabile regnum
Sistra movens, mediâque Ægyptos amphide pallet,
Tum quibus imperium ponti fuit, et vaga puppis
Semper odoriferis gazas portabat ab Indis,
Prosiliunt reges Soliis: hos omnis et Afer
Stipat, et omnis Arabs: at humi frigentia ponunt
Corpora, nudatoque, astus per murice et auro
Velavit trepidis varians pavor, oraque hiantûm:
Vox fugit exilis: Tum solo in litore nautæ.
Semiustas lacrimant classes, pontumque refusum

Turribus: insolito gemitu cava saxa resultant.
Mars tandem fletusque silent: tunc horrida muros.
Ulva tegit, summasque super mare labitur arces.
Longa quid annorum referam fastidia, donec
Palantes, patris imperiis, urbs una coegit?
En residet populus, nomenque instaurat avitum.
Tum propè cœruleo surgebat clausa profundo
Arce novâ rediviva Tyrus, jam mille coronans
Thurilegas puppes, populos jam et dona recensens,
Hei mihi! purpureos humeris quæ nectis amictus,
Ausa tuam jactare Tyrus, pro numine dextram!
Quæ maris incedis domitrix! nec litora cernis.
Milite completa, et quatientem spicula martem,
Hostis et immani spumantes mole carinas.
Quis procul ille ducum cui stat tribus horrida rostris,
Fæta viris, abies? quino simul ordine pubes
Fluctibus insultat, montemque retorquet aquarum.
Regia frons ipsi, sed majestate juventas
Mista nitet: faciem spes non superanda serenat.
Agnosco victorem Asiæ. Circum ænea ludit
Classis, co audito, sternuntur millia lito
Corpora, concussæque sonant ululatibus urbes,
Fatidicique canunt vates portenta Deorum.
Audet sola Tyrus contra, imperioque resistit.
Ergo omnis Lebanus discendit et arida cedrus
Montana exisa plagis; tunc insonat altum
Molibus et subita crescunt super æquora pontes.
Ignibus hos Tyrii, certantque absumere fesso
Flammivomisque rotant piceos de navibus orbes,
Fracta labunt tabulata, ruunt de vertice turres,
Quas trahit unda vorax. Iterum novus eminet agger
Mole informatâ murorum stratus: in alta
Miles adest ripâ; curvo simul ordine puppes
Incedunt; galeâque nam fulgente per hostes
Ductor agens primis in turribus imminet urbi.
Parte aliâ fugiunt devotæ mœnia terræ
Imbelles animæ; sponsi super ultima conjux
Oscula dum lacrimat, lateri dum subligat ensem,
Aufertur; captam illa urbem spectare videtur,
Natantesque virûm divolsa ad mœnia cristas,
Et subito passas, Diis excedentibus, ædes.

Et jam turrigeris æquantur navibus arces;
Ariete quo patefacti aditus, et laxa recedunt
Mœnia, tum strages, martisque furentis imago
Desilit in medios—Felix ! quem flamma vel hostis
Hauserit ante domos patrias; quot littore nudo
Barbarus illusit tortor ! dum membra rigentum
Contrahit atra sitis ! dum mors fugit ipsa vocantes !
Hinc regno crepto cum libertate sub imis
Gloria aquis mersa est, et notas deserit arces.
Inde indigna pati didicit Tyrus; inde videbat
Servitium, sævasque vices, dominosque paratos,
Justitiam donec, numenque est ausa vereri.
Tum demum antiquâ gaudet ditione superbis
Turribus assurgens, et pura in luce, refulsit
Præsentem venerata Deum. Dehinc mitior ordo
Annorum incepit, fraudes regnique libido
Intereunt, subit alma Fides cum Pace, sororque
Religio. Tyriis hac ultima gloria rebus,
Supremumque decus; velutique in limine Ditis
Semianimes torpet sensus, si forte verum quem
Audivit pietate gravem, et spe digna loquentem,
Devotum morti caput exserit arcer, et ardet
Fulmineis oculis; tum mors invadet orantem.
Quo fugis in saltus, desertaque lustra furium
Scissa veste gemens ? Habitasti tu quoque celsis
Urbibus ! ipsa micans ostro vestigia molli
Gaudebas stravisse rosâ, Sidonia virgo !
Hei mihi, ne nudam, dum solo in litore plangis,
Lædat acuta silex ! urbis dum fragmina servas,
Dumque metus, cursumque fames premit, horrida vultus
Pressa sub incautâ exsiliat ne vipera plantâ !
En circumfuso surgentem e rudere turrem,
Prisci partem adyti; pars altera nomen inane est,
Informes hinc cerne domos et tergiva viarum:
Rupibus in nudis dependent retia; ponto
Multa columna micat, tractisque hæres ruinis
Desolata quies, et turbidæ mortis imago.

Aprilis 23, 1830.

II

A Letter from Fr. Vincent, Passionist, to the Very Rev. Fr. Pagani, Provincial of the Institute of Charity in England, on an Apparition of the Venerable Fr. Dominic Barbari.

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[*Copy.*]
Jesu Christi Passio.

"St. Saviour's Retreat,
"Broadway,
"Worcestershire,
"*February* 27, 1851.

"Very Rev. and dear Father,

"I must apologise for my silence by telling you that I was absent in London when your letter came, having remained there eight days. With regard to your questions, I will first tell you that I myself heard many things entirely false and exaggerated about different apparitions of Fr. Dominic to several people; with regard to the one you question me about—namely, his apparition to me—the real state of the case is as follows:

"(1) Last year (*i.e.*, 1850), between April and May (Fr. Dominic died during the prevalence of cholera in September or October, 1849.* I heard of his death, I think, in September, from Fr. Faber), I cannot remember the exact day, in the morning before Prime and Tierce, which we chaunt at five-thirty in the choir, I was in my room, and Fr. Dominic came in and sat in a chair near to the table, and though I remembered that he was dead, I was not the least affrighted, on the contrary I felt very glad and comfortable to have the happiness of seeing him once more. I felt very anxious to have a painter to take his real portrait. He began the con-

* Father Dominic died on August 27, 1849.

versation by giving me salutary admonitions regarding my conduct as superior. He told me of something which had happened in the House, quite unknown to me, and only known to the person at fault. In order to know if it were a real apparition, I called the person and questioned him whether he had done such a thing, and he, full of amazement, asked how I knew it, and confessed it in quite a secret manner. I came to the conclusion that the apparition was a real one and no imagination.

"(2) He was alone. (3) The third I have answered in the first. I merely add that the apparition lasted for about two hours, when, being time for Prime and Tierce, I left him in our room. The following morning he came again, in company with Fr. Constantine, who died about two years ago at Aston Hall, but I was asleep with my face turned towards the wall, on the contrary side of the door, when Fr. Constantine gently pushed me on the shoulder, telling me that Fr. Dominic was there. They did not say anything to me, but after a few minutes they walked out of the room.

"This is the real statement of the fact, and I have been induced thus to detail it to you, in order to correct any misrepresentation which may have been made to you.

"Begging your good prayers, and those of your Community, I have the pleasure to remain,

"Yours sincerely in Christ,

"VINCENT OF ST JOSEPH,

"*Passionist.*"

III

TO MAFRA, A DAUGHTER, 1866.

MAFRA, Mavourneen, little Fly,
For which name shall I call you by?
Which has your image most expressed,
Or which the name that likes you best?
Mavourneen—that in Celtic phrase

Means darling, and 'tis surely true;
You glance and flit about our ways—
I ne'er saw darling, if not you.
And, little Fly, I pray you, tell
The colours of your insect wing.
Who call you so, they love you well;
It is not, then, because you sting.
But they in you a gem descry,
A radiant, beaming butterfly,
Such as were once in Paradise
And sailed about in joyous skies,
Not of the race of common flies.
Yet these are fond imaginings,
Fancy which from affection springs;
Not this the best or chiefest part
Traced for you by the father's heart
That in your third name lies, the truth
Of serious thought, of promise high;
It does not tell of fleeting youth,
But life in all its mystery,
All its unending majesty.
For Mafra marks earth's noblest line,
A name half-human, half-divine.
One part bespeaks that Roman saint
To whom was given, not pale and faint,
But life-like by her side to trace
Her guardian angel's watchful face,
His loving eye and heavenly grace.
And one that name, of all in heaven,
The sweetest e'er to woman given,
The blissful Lady's glorious name,
In whom a parent's love we claim.
Greatest and gentlest of all powers,
The Mother of our Lord and ours.
So when I call you little Fly
The school-girl dances on my sight:
I see fun, frolic, wild yet shy;
I love you then—I love you quite.
And when Mavourneen is your name
You are the darling of our home;
To light within our breasts the flame

Of a child's lovingness you come.
But, Mafra ! when I call you so
Your highest place, your glory know,
Since earthly school and earthly home
For trial and for nurture come;
Trial can change the nature wild,
And nurture mould the full-grown child.
And when the trial and the growth
In school and home are ended both,
Then must you seek the place above
Where those two Patrons live and love.
There your true home and welcome gain
Where Frances shines in Mary's train,
And of the Saint and Mother there
The glory and the beauty share.

IV

Latin Address to Pope Leo XIII.*

Pro Leone Decimo Tertio Spiritu Sancto adjuvante
Sine tardo molimine ad Petri Sedem evecto
Catholica Britannorum Societas Pauperum Institutioni promovendæ
Gratias Deo quam maximas agit
Tu vero, Sanctissime Pater, in temporibus adeo periculosis ad Cathedram Veritatis et fidei Tutelam accessisti
Ut nunquam in tot sæculis ævi Christiani
Illius sapientiæ consilii fortitudinis Ecclesia magis indigeret
Quibus summi Pontifices ex proprio Salvatoris charismate claruerunt
Inter præcipuas autem dotes
Quas Redemptor Noster Deus Sponsæ Suæ impertivit
Eminet illa vis immortalis ex ore Magistri procedens
Dicentis Apostolis universim, Euntes Docete Omnes Gentes

* On his accession.

Petro vero singulariter, Pasce Oves Meas
Hinc est unde ad instituendas in omnem veritatem gentes
Petrus in Roma gentium capite singularem posuit cathedram
Inde per octodecim sæcula decucurrit
Illa summa Pontificibus Romanis plebis Christianæ edocendæ cura
Nos denique, triginta abhinc annis
Ab Episcopis Britannicis ad subsidium hujus curæ electi
Tibi totius Divinæ Institutionis fonti primo et perenni
Notitiam præteriti laboris referentes futuri benedictionem postulamus
Hæc sunt profecto quæ communi utilitati comparavit
Unius ad hunc finem societatis construendæ consilium illud episcopale
Ut clerici et laici in hoc opere partes suas debite conferrent
Ut pauperum institutio tanquam onus caritatis cuncto cœtui incumberet
Ut per totum regnum parili cursu et mensura se insinuaret
Ut tam divina quam humana disciplina tenera progenies simul imbueretur
Ut rei publicæ pariter et Ecclesiæ ope conserta labor perficeretur
Quæ omnia huc usque adeo feliciter evenerunt
Ut Catholicæ Pauperum Scholæ
Jam toti Ecclesiæ soboli pœne satis amplæ fuerint comparatæ
Ministris et eis quidem Catholicis satis aptis dotatæ
Publica pariter et privata pecunia altæ
Huic operi difficili eidem et necessario
Per annos pœne omnes Pii Noni inservientes
Nunc ad tanti Pontificis Parem recurrimus Successorem
Ut inter labores semper renascentes
Nova nobis fiducia, vis amplior fructus uberior
A Te Summo mundi Doctore defluant et augeantur.

V

To Mafra, a Bride, 1883.

The days of girlhood may not last;
The days of bloom and ripeness come;
Go forth into another home
And draw the future from the past.
The woman springs up from the child;
The daughter changes into wife;
The strong, sweet band of human life
Clasps with its girdle undefiled
The promise of the coming years,
A mingled dower of smiles and tears.
For joy and grief dwell not aloof,
But weave life's tissue, warp and woof.

Mary and Frances still to thee
The Mother and the Patron be.
And Mary's Son, the gracious Lord,
Who sat at Cana's bridal board,
Without a word, by will divine,
Changing the water into wine,
By power of unseen presence bless
Each common day of human life
With touch of higher loveliness,
Infusing peace and barring strife,
Each meagre element of earth
Transmuting by a second birth,
Informing clay with spirit's power,
Bestowing heaven for time's brief hour,
And making heart with heart to blend
In willing union without end.

The Daughter's part is past and gone;
The Father's prayer still worketh on;
Parental conquers filial love;
This dies below, that soars above.

VI

FULL INSCRIPTION ON THE STONE CRUCIFIX AT ST MARY MAGDALEN'S, MORTLAKE.

✠

Ossa in Christi pace quiescentia
ELISÆ HALL ALLIES
Quam ex sinu erroris Anglicani
Vocavit Deus ad fidei lumen 24 Maii, 1850.
Prima, viro pro veritate luctante,
Vitæ iter ingressa est, et vias duras custodivit ut
Christum lucrifaceret.
Vixit annos 52 in gremio sanctæ Ecclesiæ
Dum ascensiones in corde suo disponeret
Donec, luce jam adspecta, ad Lucem rediit
Die 24 Januarii, 1902, ætatis suæ 80.
WINIFRIDÆ MARIÆ ALLIES
Post annos fere quatuor cælicolis additæ
29 Novembris, 1896.
EDWARDI HALL ALLIES
Ex mundanis varietatibus crepti
Sacramentisque muniti die 4 Junii, 1899
Ætatis suæ 57.
Requiescant in pace.

MARIÆ ANGELÆ BRODER
In morbis et ærumnis a juventute sua.
Forti et hilari animo ad Deum transiit
Die 30 Septembris, 1914, annos nata 28.
MARIÆ FRANCISCÆ BRODER,
Quæ, filia amissa, non amplius terrena respiciens
Brevi, perrexit ad Deum iter,
Die 19 Julii, 1915, annos nata 61.
Requiescant in pace.

VII

INSCRIPTION ON A CANE ONCE BELONGING TO PIUS VII, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"CLAVIGER ille Pius gessit me Septimus olim
Nunc Augustini dextera fida Novi.
Victorem Europæ patiendo vicerat ille;
Passum multa Petro te sociavit amor."

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